TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

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NATION HONORS NAMELESS U. S. WARRIOR HERO

World Statesmen Pay Homage to Unknown Yankee Fighter Is Laid to Rest in Kingly Grave.

On the crest of a little sun-swept hill overlooking the placid Potomac, reverent hands laid to his last long rest on Armistice day an American soldier who shall be forever nameless.

Grouped about the simple stone sarcophagus that received the remains of him who dared and died on a foreign field, stood the statesmen of the world to mourn him. With sorrowing eyes, mindful perhaps of the millions of their own heroic dead, they looked on as the casket wrapped only in the glorious mantle of his country, slipped slowly to the final resting place.

Above the rustle of dry Autumn leaves and the restless murmur of a great crowd rose the voice of Chaplain Brent, the pastor of the A. E. F., intoning the familiar words that have accompanied countless thousands of soldiers to their last sleep: "God, for as much as this, our brother, unknown and yet well known, has poured out his life for freedom's cause at his country's call, we therefore commend his soul to God and commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection unto eternal life, through our Lord, Jesus Christ. * * *"

Out beyond the spot where this simple patriot was buried in a kingly grave and gleaming majestically in the chill November sun, rose the monuments which a grateful nation erected to the memory of Washington, the father, and Lincoln, the emancipator.

Distinguished Company.

Behind this quiet grave, row on row stretched away the white stones that mark the thousands who preceded him in death that America might live. It was a distinguished company that gathered about the bier of an unknown American soldier to do him final honor. It was a company no less distinguished that reposes about him in his last sleep.

The nation has paid homage to its many heroes before. Generals returning from victorious wars have been thunderously acclaimed, admirals who won great seas victory have been received with the deafening applause of multitudes, and then followed to their graves by sorrowing thousands. But never has there been a tribute so solemn in its grandeur, so majestic in its simplicity, as that paid this nameless American soldier.

From coast to coast the nation stood silent in his honor. A President of the United States, two former presidents, and the representatives of kings and emperors followed his body to its grave. The statesmen of Europe and of Asia joined with America in her sorrow and reverence.

Thousands Wait.

After winding its way between the long lines of a reverent multitude in the streets of the capital, the funeral procession toiled up the long hill leading to Arlington, arriving at the main gates a little after 11. The invited guests long before had begun to assemble within the white marble walls of the amphitheater overlooking the still-flowing Potomac and the Capitol itself nestling in the blue haze of a Fall day.

Thousands stood outside, or anywhere merely to be near.

Just before 11:15 the caisson bearing the flag-draped coffin rolled up to the west entrance and was removed by the body bearers. Preceded by the choir and the clergy, it was borne tenderly along through the west entrance, around the right colonnade to the apse, and was placed on the catfalque. The great audience rose and stood uncovered as it passed in, followed by General Pershing and the distinguished officers of the army and navy, as mourners.

Marshal Foch and his staff came in with all his war medals across his breast. General Jacques, the Belgian chief, also came and the two stroll about the marble colonnade behind their boxes, exchanging greetings. General Diaz of Italy joined them. Together the three moved with the Japanese mission to the place where the body lay.

Flowers From King.

Ambassador Geddes brought flower offerings for the dead from England's king, with a guard of British officers.

Chief Plenty Coos of the Crow Indians, attired in full war regalia, feathered bonnet, furs and skins of variegated colors, was seated on the platform, joining the group of distinguished military leaders from Europe. Thus the uniform of the first Americans took its place with those of the allied powers in the last war. A group of Indian braves appeared in the audience, tip-toeing in their beaded moccasins down the aisle to their seats.

Premier Briand of France was among the last to arrive.

With the party of distinguished compute and the body of the unknown hero on the apse the ceremonies waited for the arrival of President Harding.

The first strains of Chopin's Funeral March had heralded the coming of the unknown to his great honors.

Far out among the trees toward the fort, the dull dun color of moving troops had shown and marching half step to the throbbing, muffled beat of the drums, the Marine band had swung slowly out to circle the great colonnade to the entrance where the surpliced choir waited.

As the casket was lifted from the gun carriage the solemn chords of

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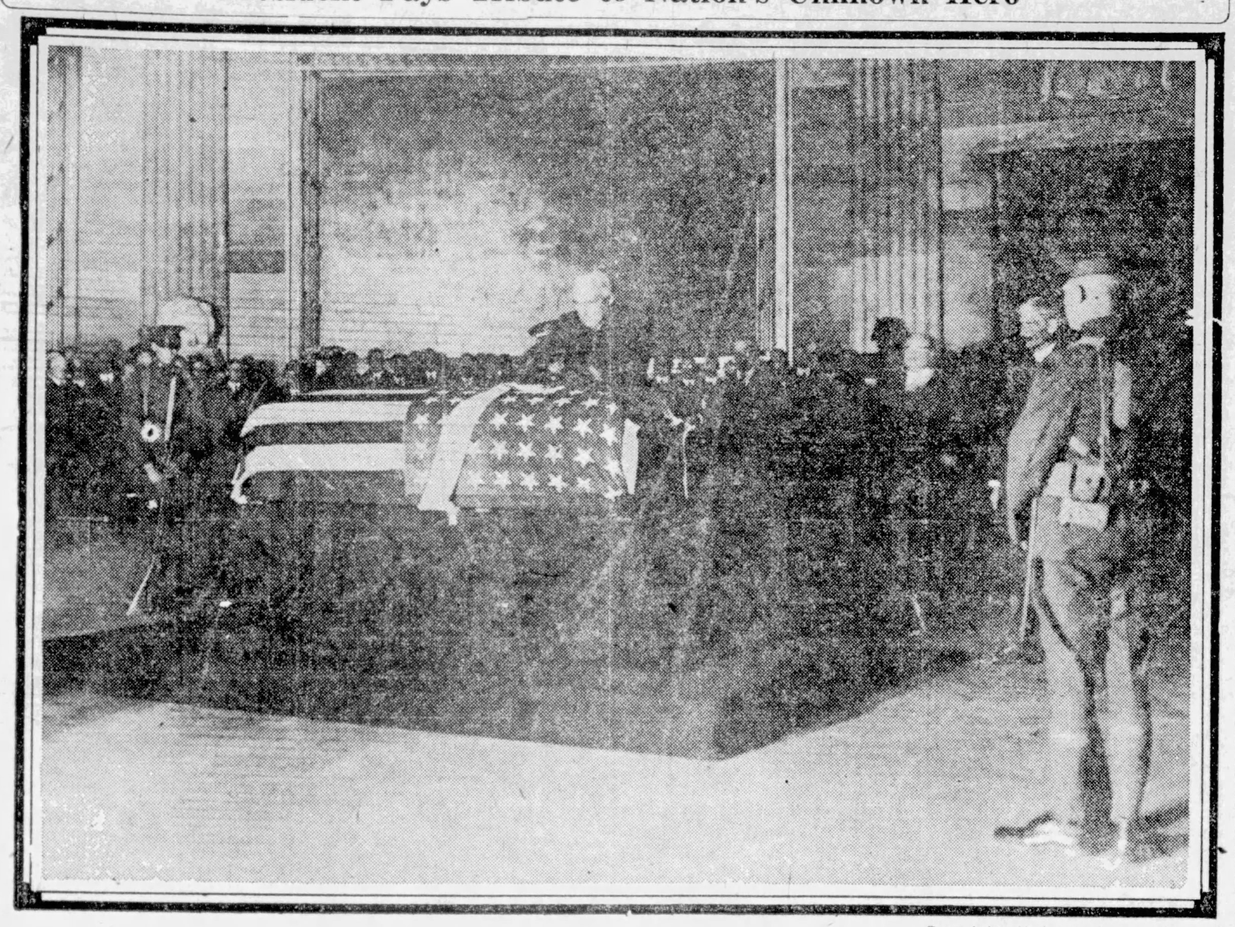
President Pays Tribute to Nation's Unknown Hero



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PRESIDENT HARDING is shown placing a wreath on the casket of the unknown Yankee hero lying in state beneath the dome of the Capitol at Washington. The remains were borne to Arlington cemetery on Armistice day where it received burial as a tribute to the unknown and unidentified soldiers of this country who gave their lives in battle in the World war.

HARDING WELCOMES STATESMEN OF WORLD TO ARMS CONFERENCE

In a terse, businesslike speech, stripped of all diplomatic verbiage and niceties of international expression, President Harding officially opened the momentous armament conference Nov. 12 with a brief outline of America's position—clean hands, honest intentions and high hopes.

"Gentlemen of the conference," said the President, "the United States welcomes you with unselfish hands. We harbor no fears; we have no sordid ends to serve; we suspect no enemy; we contemplate no conquest. Content with what we have, we seek nothing which is another's. We only wish to do with you that finer, nobler thing which no nation can do alone."

Surrounded by Statesmen.

The President spoke from the head of the great U-shaped table, around which sat in rapt attention the statesmen of Europe and Asia. To the right of him sat France and Japan; to the left, Great Britain and Italy, and down at the far end of the horseshoe were the representatives of China, Belgium, Holland and Portugal.

At either side of him at the head of the table were America's delegates. The galleries above were crowded with the entire membership of house and senate, members of the cabinet, justices of the supreme court and diplomats.

Perhaps never before in the world's history has there been a parley of the world's leading statesmen with so little ostentation and show, so little flowery expression and trappings of grandeur and rank.

Only the bright colored flags, the hundreds of newspaper correspondents from all parts of the world and the crowded, expectant galleries marked this as one of the most, if not the most, important international gathering in history.

Text of Address.

The text of President Harding's address follows:

It is a great and happy privilege to bid the delegates to this conference a cordial welcome to the Capital of the United States of America. It is not only a satisfaction to greet you because we were lately participants in a common cause, in which shared sacrifices and sorrows and triumphs brought our nations more closely together, but it is gratifying to address you as the spokesmen for nations whose convictions and attending actions have so much to do with the weal or woe of all mankind.

It is not possible to over-appraise the importance of such a conference. It is no unseemly boast, no disparagement of other nations, which, though not represented, are held in highest respect, to declare that the conclusions of this body will have a signal influence on all human progress—on the fortunes of the world.

To Minimize Faults.

Here is a meeting, I can well believe, which is an earnest of the awakened conscience of twentieth century civilization. It is not a convention of remorse, nor a session of sorrow. It is not the conference of victors to define terms of settlement. Nor is it a council of nations seeking to remake human kind. It is rather a coming together, from all parts of the earth, to apply the better attributes of mankind to minimize the faults in our international relationships.

Speaking as official sponsor for the invitation, I think I may say the call is not of the United States of America alone, it is rather the spoken word of a war-wearied world, struggling for restoration, hungering and thirsting for better relationship; of humanity crying for relief and craving assurances of lasting peace.

It is easy to understand this world-wide aspiration. The glory of triumph, the rejoicing in achievement, the love of liberty, the devotion to country, the pangs of sorrow, the burdens of debt, the desolation of ruin—all these are appraised alike in all lands. Here in the U. S. we are but freshly turned from the burial of an unknown American soldier, when a nation sorrowed while paying him tribute. Whether it was spoken or not, a hundred millions of our people were summarizing the inexcusable cause, the incalculable cost, the unspeakable sacrifices, and the unutterable sorrows, and there was the ever impelling question: How can Humanity justify or God forgive? Human hate demands no such toll; ambition and greed must be denied it. If misunderstanding must take the blame, then let us banish it, and let understanding rule and make good will regnant everywhere. All of us demand liberty and justice. There can not be one without the other and they must be held the unquestioned possession of all peoples. Inherent rights are of God and the tragedies of the world originate in their attempted denial. The world today is infringing their enjoyment by arming to defend or deny, when simple sanity calls for their recognition through common understanding.

New Hopes, War's Result.

Out of the cataclysm of the World War came new fellowships, new convictions, new aspirations. It is ours to make the most of them. A world staggering with debt needs its burden lifted. Humanity which has been shocked by wanton destruction would minimize the agencies of that destruction. Contemplating the measureless cost of war and the continuing burden of armament, all thoughtful peoples wish for real limitation of armament and would like war outlawed. In soberest reflection the world's hundreds of millions who pay in peace and die in war wish their statesmen to turn the expenditures for destruction into means of construction, aimed at a higher state for those who live and follow after.

It is not alone that the world can readjust itself and cast aside the excess burdens without relief from the leaders of men. War has grown progressively cruel and more destructive from the first recorded conflict to this day, and the reverse order would more become our boasted civilization.

Gentlemen of the conference, the United States welcomes you with unselfish hands. We harbor no fears; we have no sordid ends to serve; we suspect no enemy; we contemplate or apprehend no conquest. Content with what we have, we seek nothing which is another's. We only wish to do with you that finer, nobler thing which no nation can do alone.

We wish to sit with you at the table of international understanding and good will. In good conscience we are eager to meet you frankly, and invite and offer co-operation. The world demands a sober contemplation of the existing order and the realization that there can be no cure without sacrifice, not by one of us, but by all of us.

More Enjoyment of Peace.

I do not mean surrendered rights, or narrowed freedom, or denied aspirations, or ignored national necessities. Our republic would no more ask for these than it would give. No pride need be humbled, no nationality submerged, but I would have a mergence of minds committing all of us to less preparation for

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BOARD ORDERS RAIL PAY SLASH

March, 1920, Scale Directed Returned on Lines of N. O. & G. N.

With two members dissenting the United States railway labor board ordered reductions in rates of pay for practically all classes of employes of the New Orleans & Great Northern railroad. The wages of all those affected are reduced to the scale existing on March 1, 1920.

The decision said the road was not a party to the case involving the recent wage decrease of July 1 last. The cut, going further than the one ordered in July, would wipe away the increase granted railroad employes in May, 1920.

The dissenting members of the board were A. O. Wharton and W. L. McMenimen, labor members of the board.

Wharton pointed out several instances of where he asserted the pay of experienced workmen had been cut below those of other classes of less experience.

By the decision train service employes were returned without qualification to the rates of pay in effect March 1, 1920, but rates for roundhouse laborers and shop craft employes were specified by the board class by class. Station agents were similarly rated.

The decision said that representatives of the road, which is a short line in Mississippi and Louisiana, testified to an operating deficit of $500,000 for 1920 and a further operating deficit of $95,000 for the first half of 1921.

Parley to Represent 1,150,000,000 People

Approximately 1,150,000,000 persons are represented in the conference for limitation of armaments which is now in session. Four republics, two empires and three kingdoms gathered around the council tables.

U. S. PROPOSES 10-YEAR WORLD NAVAL HOLIDAY

ACTION IS TAKEN BY GOVERNMENT TO CUT PRICES

Administration Seeking to Find Way Whereby Big Packers May Open Retail Meat Stores.

The administration is conducting negotiations with the five big packers which, if successful, are counted upon to result in an immediate and appreciable drop in the high cost of living.

The administration is disappointed because the drop in retail prices of food has not kept pace with decreases of other commodities and the cuts that have been made in wages and salaries. Government officials are said to feel that the prices of foodstuffs have been artificially maintained and rather than seek a legislative remedy, which might be of doubtful benefit, it has been decided to try and find some means whereby the five big packers can open retail stores throughout the country for the sale of their products direct to consumers.

Many Complaints Seen.

It is realized that such a step is likely to bring a storm of complaint from retailers all over the country and it is recognized that some merchants might have good ground to feel aggrieved as many of them have reduced prices to a fair figure. The packers, it is said, have been loath to take the step proposed because of the constant criticism to which they have been subjected in the past few years.

The opening of stores for the sale of meats and other food products at retail, the packers feel, would lend color to the oft repeated charge that the meat packing industry is a gigantic food trust. The consent decree entered into in the federal courts during the Wilson administration specifies in detail just what activities the packers are to carry on and exactly what relations they shall have with each other and with their subsidiary companies. Some modification of this decree would likely be necessary to permit them to open stores for the sale of meats and other products direct to consumers. The government now has this question under consideration.

Administration officials who have been studying retail prices say frankly that they are convinced there is too big a spread between wholesale and retail prices in most instances. There are either too many middlemen or the retailers are making too much profit.

Will Protect Retailers.

Live stock and grain prices are at the lowest point in a half dozen years, but retail prices do not show a corresponding reduction. It should be understood that the proposal that the packers enter the retail market does not originate with the packers themselves, but with government officials. Administration heads who will discuss the proposal emphasize the facts that the idea was evolved solely with the idea of beating down prices and not with the intention of giving the packers a monopoly of any kind. Any agreement that is reached will take ample precaution against the packers entrenching their hold upon food products. The government will likewise take every care to see that the packers gains no advantage over retailers, whose prices are fair and reasonable.

PRESBYTERIANS TO RECRUIT YOUNG MEN FOR MINISTRY

Plans for enlisting in the ministry men of high ideals and character to carry to the masses the message of salvation were discussed at length at a meeting of the general education board of the Presbyterian church in the United States.

The vacant pulpit and the dearth of ministerial material present a serious problem to the church, it was stated, and efforts are to be made during the coming year to stimulate the interest of young men and arouse their religious fervor.

News, Views and Reviews in This Paper

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, head of the American delegation and chairman of the armament parley at Washington, believes in getting right down to business. In his opening address he proposed abandonment of capital ships and cessation of naval building for 10 years.

Ohio ex-service men are going to get a bonus of $10 a month for each month of army life. It's worth it. There were three times as many voters who appreciated what the soldiers did for them as those who didn't. In some cities the vote was six to one.

The entire nation halted in its work at noon on Armistice day and bowed its head in honor of the unknown soldier who was being buried in Arlington cemetery.

Don't miss the story on the editorial page which tells about the endless stream of sorrowful humanity that flowed past the casket of the nameless warrior whose body lay in state for a day in the capitol.

One thing the world needs is somebody to put it in a good humor.—Editorial paragraph.

Feed the old hen. Feed her the stuff that will make her cackle and tell the truth when she cackles.—Sandles.

In his opening address at the arms parley President Harding declared, "Gentlemen of the conference, the United States welcomes you with unselfish hands. We harbor no fears; we have no sordid ends to serve; we suspect no enemy; we contemplate or apprehend no conquest. Content with what we have, we seek nothing which is another's."

It is not true that a great occasion always produces a great man; and it still remains to be seen whether an adequate figure will emerge at the armament conference.—Ellis.

We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the glory of his death. He died for his country, and greater devotion hath no man than this.—President Harding at grave of unknown soldier.

Martha Holden has a story on the Household page every week. They are always interesting and well worth reading.

CRITICS WANT TIGERT FIRED

Commissioner of Education Makes Many Enemies in Boston Speech.

John J. Tigert, United States commissioner of education, hardly got his seat warm after his appointment by President Harding when he found himself the object of bitter attack and demands that he resign.

Since his appointment last Summer Tigert, formerly a professor of psychology in the University of Kentucky, has been making numerous speeches. It is his speaking habit that got him into trouble. On various occasions his remarks have been severely criticized. It was not until his recent speech before the Middlesex County Teachers' association at Boston, however, that the demands for his resignation rolled in.

In his Boston spech Tigert charged that the United States had sacrificed the lives of thousands of its soldiers by sending illiterates against educated Germans.

"We paid them $30 a month and told them we were fighting to make the world safe for democracy," he said. "We went in against old Germans with young men and our young men gave up their lives in the Argonne in the ratio of three or four to one. Why? Because the Germans had more education and everyone who fought knows it."

Tigert was overseas during the war as a Y. M. C. A. worker.

President Harding has been considering the demands for Tigert's resignation but as yet has taken no action.

HUGHES WOULD SEND BIG SHIPS TO SCRAP PILE

Foreign Armament Delegates Surprised at Speed With Which Parley Gets Under Way.

Complete abandonment of all capital shipbuilding programs, either actual or projected, was proposed to the armament conference Nov. 12 by Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes as the first step in the worldwide plan to limit the navies of the powers.

A ten-year naval holiday is the proposal, in short, and the United States, Great Britain and Japan shall scrap 66 capital ships aggregating 1,878,043 tons.

Secretary Hughes spoke in his official capacity as chairman of the American delegation and submitted a complete plan for the limitation of naval armament in his opening address. The plan had previously been worked out by American naval advisers.

It came as a bombshell to all except the inner circles of the American government. It had not been expected that the Americans would take the lead with such a definite, concrete and drastic proposal until the conference had gotten under way.

Secretary Hughes' proposals are compatible with British interests, says an official statement issued from Premier Lloyd George's Downing street office.

"The proposals are ambitious, but as the conference has an ambitious project, they were not surprising," the statement said. "They are compatible with British interests."

Japan's acceptance "in principle" at least has been forecast by the statements of Baron Admiral Kato and others of the Japanese delegation.

London Press Surprised.

Overwhelming surprise and a disposition to reserve immediate judgment seems to be the keynote of the comment in the London morning papers on the proposals.

"It may conceivably be found that the scheme is overbold," says the Daily Telegraph, "but it holds up such a magnificent ideal that it will awaken greater enthusiasm among those who passionately long for the world to get its feet well set upon the true path of peace. The conference opened with a noble and dramatic stroke on the part of President Harding and Secretary Hughes. It is not the habit of America to do things by halves and on this occasion the United States has astonished and impressed the world by her audacity and by the grand sweep of her proposals."

What Terms Provide.

If the terms of the Hughes proposal are applied to the United States navy, our future strength at sea will be limited to 18 capital ships with a tonnage of 500,650; Great Britain, 22 capital ships, tonnage 604,450, and Japan's navy will be 10 capital ships, tonnage 299,700.

What America proposed was briefly this:

1. Complete abandonment of all capital ships now building or contemplated.

2. This would mean scrapping all of America's 1916 program which is not yet completed; Japan's famous eight-and-eight program and Great Britain's program of four new super-Hoods.

3. This program would cost the United States about $330,000,000.

4. Scrap all older vessels beyond certain classes.

5. Great Britain, Japan and the United States to agree not to replace any of the ships they keep within 10 years—in effect, a 10-year naval holiday.

6. That when replacements are made at the end of 10 years no ship be built of over 35,000 tons.

7. That subject to the 10-year limitation, ships left should be considered fit for replacement at the end of 20 years.

8. The powers are to inform each other upon completion of the "scrapping" and also as to replacements.

9. Secretary Hughes made no specific recommendations concerning merchant marine, but said that this subject also had to be considered.

Just before he made his history-making proposals Secretary Hughes was elected general chairman of the conference. The proposals in his address were included in printed documents in the hands of the delegations. They read:

"The United States proposes the following plan for a limitation of the naval armaments of the conferring nations. The United States believes this plan safely guards the interests of all concerned.

"In working out this proposal the United States has been guided by four general principles:

"(a)—The elimination of all capital shipbuilding programs, either actual or projected.

"(b)—Further reduction through the scrapping of certain of the older ships.

"(c)—That regard should be had to the existing naval strength of the conferring powers.

"(d)—The use of capital ship tonnage as the measurement of strength for navies and a proportionate allowance of auxiliary combatant craft prescribed.

World to Watch.

Some of the future sessions of the [illegible] conference may be secret

Continued on Page Two.

WATCHA LIKE?

Every mail brings letters from readers who want to tell the editor what they like best in The Blade. We publish them in their turn. Here are a few:

Mrs. E. A. Allen, Ingleside, Topeka, Kansas.—"I like The Blade because of its truthful editorials."

Roche Burrell, New Lexington, Ohio.—"The editorial comment and poetry is what I prefer. I also admire the stand you take on the liquor question."

S. A. Cowden, Enon Valley, Pa.—"I can't tell what part I like best for it is all good. The Blade is the best all-round paper that is printed and ought to be in every home."

Mrs. D. C. Graham, Decorah, Iowa.—"I like the paper very much, especially the story, A Man For the Ages."

Mrs. Lee Demo, Rockwell, Iowa.—"We hope you will never be so crowded for space that you will have to omit the articles written by William T. Ellis."

A. K. Alexander, Holloway, Ohio.—"I take The Blade for the general news and like it all except its politics."

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

SECRETARY HUGHES hurled a red-hot program at the heads of the distinguished delegates to the conference for the limitation of armaments. It happened Saturday, as the news columns relate. The estimable gentlemen were scarcely settled in their seats when it happened. It was like a bombshell that might have exploded, thundered and reverberated. The shock over the delegates seemed to like it. Some of them said it was drastic, and yet they admitted it was great.

Mr. Hughes caught everybody flat-footed. Nobody had realized what was coming, or that anything would come so soon. Newspaper correspondents and news associations were without any information or intimation of what was likely to happen. A lot of palaver would have been the natural expectation. But there was nothing of the kind. All records were broken.

President Harding and Secretary Hughes had called the conference, and they knew what for. There was an absence of pomp, and but little ceremony. There was no effort toward show, to which old-world diplomats are accustomed. The affair was unique.

Harding's Appeal for Humanity.

President Harding opened the conference with a felicitous address in which he appealed for that peace for which humanity, with the cruelties of the big war still in mind, yearns. What the President said is published elsewhere, but we want to print his closing words here:

"We are here for a service to mankind. In all simplicity, in all honesty and all honor, there may be written here the avowals of a world conscience refined by the consuming fires of war, and made more sensitive by the anxious aftermath. I hope for that understanding which will emphasize the guarantees of peace, and for commitments to less burdens and a better order which will tranquilize the world. In such an accomplishment there will be added glory to your flags and ours, and the rejoicing of mankind will make the transcending music of all succeeding time."

Of Mr. Harding's welcome speech Premier Briand of France said: "Your President translated the longings of all peoples into simple and beautiful words. It was an epochal address. It shall never be forgotten." Other foreign diplomats were no less enthusiastic.

Following the chief executive's eloquent appeal came the punchy proposals, full of business and suggestive of action.

The American Spirit.

Late in the big war, it will be recalled, the American boys in France had been given a job at Cantigny. It was not difficult. Later they had been tried at Belleau Wood. Their record there is written in imperishable red. Then they swept everything before them at St. Mihiel. There was a section of the Hindenburg Line that was regarded as impregnable by the allied armies. Nobody had dared a serious attempt to take it. It was the Argonne Forest. The Americans wanted to try taking it. The world knows the answer.

Argonne Forest was taken by the boys who had laughed at trenches, who could not see the necessity of preparing safe places on which to fall back. Their idea of fighting was to go forward and keep on going until something gave way in front.

"Let's go!"

The spirit of the American army in France was re-manifested in the spirit with which Secretary Hughes started things going for peace at the Washington conference, and which led the French premier to declare the proposal the most courageous ever made at the opening of an international conference.

Mr. Hughes dug no trenches. He made no preparations to fall back.

Men Find Their Souls.

The manner of observing Armistice day was an inspiration to peace. It was a day for searching for and finding souls. America stood at attention and men shed tears, unashamed. The body of an unknown American boy, brought back from France, was paid great honor. No greater reverence had been shown Lincoln or Garfield or McKinley. There was a beautiful solemnity about it all.

What was it for? To typify the nation's love for those who gave their lives that the living might have liberty, that civilization might not be turned backward and that mothers of other boys who had gone down in the thunder and crash of war may know that their sacrifice is not forgotten.

It was fit that this Armistice day ceremony should have preceded by only a few hours the opening of the big conference. It is fit that the people find their souls, that their highest emotions may inspire them to pray for the success of the conference—that Mr. Hughes' thunderbolt may have been shot to some purpose.

Wireless Letters

Ocean travelers are suing the "wireless post" to a considerable extent. This was made possible by an arrangement permitting wireless messages to be sent from a ship and to be transmitted by mail after reaching land.

What Soldiers Think of Our Ex-Soldiers

The great foreign commanders who witnessed the march of the American Legion in Kansas City saw more than a parade and heard more than the music and the cheering.

Said Marshal Foch: "Here is the soul of the United States—men of high ideals, men who would make a fine backbone for any nation."

"The American soldier," said General Diaz, "is that most dangerous type of fighter—the fighter who smiles."

"The Legion," declared Admiral Beatty, "is a power which is important to influence the world."

And General Jacques of Belgium, declared: "They have the souls of eternal youth; they are sublime."

CHINESE FIRM ON SURRENDER OF SHANTUNG

Representative of Public Organizations Asserts That Anglo-Jap Alliance Must End.

The treaty between Japan and Great Britain must be abrogated and Shantung returned to China as steps necessary to future world peace, Dr. Monlin Chiang of Pekin, official spokesman of the great public organization of China, has declared.

He indicated that the Chinese people will demand consideration of these two things by the Washington conference. He made clear that China feels any program for limitation of armaments futile without the termination of the English-Japanese alliance and the unconditional surrender of Shantung by Japan.

Furthermore, he indicated that China will give assurance to the conference that it will pay all its foreign debts. He announced that the great Chinese bankers are formulating a revenue program to meet all foreign and internal debts.

Will Pay All Debts.

"China wants fair play from the world and it is now setting its house in order to give the world fair play in return," he said. "Its first step will be to pay all its foreign debts. It has enough revenues to do this if those revenues are properly and wisely managed. The great bankers of the country are now arranging a program, which will be ready shortly, to pay foreign as well as domestic indebtedness."

Dr. Chiang, who is dean of administration of the National University of Pekin, and a graduate of Columbia university, will occupy a unique position during the arms parley. He is virtually the chosen representative of the people of northern China. All the great commercial organizations, educational and other public bodies officially delegated him to watch the conference and hold the club of public opinion over the heads of China's delegates.

"What you do not realize here is that there has been a great awakening among the people of China and they are now running their own government," said Dr. Chiang. "Every step taken by the Washington conference will be communicated to the people of China. They will send back 'yes' or 'no' on every question and through me and Dr. Yui, who is also their representative, their verdict will be presented to the government's delegates."

No Further Alliances.

China's demands, as outlined by Dr. Chiang, include assurances from all powers that they will make no further alliances with Japan.

"China wants the open door policy and wishes to give all nations that come to it equal treatment," said Dr. Chiang.

"Japan will be the big question mark in the Washington conference.

"The success of the conference rests on Japan and Great Britain. Japan is a menace to China and to all the countries in the far east.

"So long as Japan continues to have an alliance with Great Britain it will constitute a danger to the world.

"Japan's power may be held in check only if the other powers keep from alliances with her and use their strength to insist on a square deal for the rest of the far east.

"The United States has the power to insist on termination of the Anglo-Japanese treaty. The people of China look to America for protection. They have no fear that their demands will be ignored in the Washington conference with America to guard their rights."

Can't Stop This Judge

Despite the fact that the city jailer was absent when court was called, Judge J. D. Campbell was not delayed in holding court in Beaumont, Texas. He had the docket carried from cell to cell and tried the cases in that manner. However, it was necessary for the "not guilty" ones to wait behind bars until the jailer returned.

Brings Wreath for Unknown Hero From Great Britain's War Mothers

Mrs Amelia McCudden

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Mrs. Amelia Emma McCudden, mother of the famous major of the British royal air force, who brought down more than 50 German planes, won the Victoria Cross and finally was killed, represented the British war mothers at the ceremonies for the unknown soldier at Arlington. Mrs. McCudden placed on the tomb of the unknown soldier a huge wreath in behalf of the women of Great Britain.

WAR BELIEVED CRIME CAUSE

Detective Flynn Thinks Wave of Lawlessness Is Aftermath.

The country is passing through a crime cycle, says William J. Flynn, famous detective and until recently head of the bureau of investigation of the department of justice.

Discontent, he declared, caused by hard times and the abnormal conditions created by the war is responsible for the wave of lawlessness manifesting itself in crimes of the old wild west type such as the daring train robbery in Illinois and the recent $1,000,000 holdup of a mail truck in the streets of New York.

Flynn, who has had a long and distinguished career in government secret service work, expressed the opinion that "inside help" made possible the exploit of the Illinois train robbers and that of the New York mail bandits. He urged the organization of a secret service in the postoffice department.

"In looking over old reports compiled by me while in the government service I find that crime cycles always follow unemployment and business depression such as we now have," said Flynn. "Hard times lead to discontent which finally turns into lawlessness. After an unemployment wave you usually find increase in counterfeiting operations.

"The war created an abnormal atmosphere. We have not got back to normal yet.

"Better protection is the only remedy I can think of against the lawlessness that prevails. If two guards with guns had been stationed in the engine of that train held up in Illinois and others in the mail car, the robbery would never have happened.

"In a job like that and the mail robbery in New York you usually find that the bandits have inside help. Through information from someone on the inside they know exactly what they are going to get and where to look for it."

Unknown Is Decorated With Highest Military Orders in the World

The unknown American soldier went to his grave in the Virginia hills decorated with the world's highest military orders.

America bestowed the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross.

Great Britain pinned on the casket her prized Victoria Cross.

France contributed her Croix de Guerre and Medaille Militaire.

Italy gave her gold medal for bravery.

Belgium put on her Croix de Guerre.

Rumania bestowed her Virtuti Militara.

Czecho-Slovakia decorated him with the war cross.

Poland gave her Virtuti Militara.

REIGN OF TERROR IN HAITI IS ADMITTED BY GENERAL

Brigadier General Albertius Catlin, retired officer of the Marine corps, told the senate investigating committee so complete was the reign of terror in Haiti that homes and fields in the Hinche district were abandoned.

He said the natives seemed to fear the bandits and native police officered by Marines in about equal degree.

"Native police, if given any authority, were disposed to use it harshly," General Catlin said, "and the people were so terror stricken they would flee to the woods upon the approach of a stranger."

The general said about 5,000 bandits were pitted against 2,000 Marines in what practically was organized warfare.

COMMUNISTS POISON WINE IN ITALY, IMPORTER SAYS

Acting on a mysterious warning that Communist agents have poisoned thousands of casks of Italian wine, government chemists are making extensive analysis to determine whether the warning is true. No wine can be exported before it has been thoroughly tested.

NATION HONORS WARRIOR HERO

Continued From Page One.

a hymn were joined by the deep notes of the band. The choir sang The Son of God Goes Forth to War, as the telephone amplifiers caught up the notes and threw them out over the land to the thousands standing as far away as San Francisco.

On its simple base, a 100 yards from where it will lie for all eternity, the casket of America's unknown rested as though supported by a mountain of blossoms of every color and kind from nations all over the world.

As former President Taft took his seat, Admiral Beatty appeared surrounded by his officers.

Exactly on time, at 11:45, President and Mrs. Harding came in and took their places.

Chaplain's Prayer.

Almost immediately afterward the Marine band broke forth into the Star Spangled Banner, the silver notes echoing down over the river valley and up into the arches of the wooded hills. At the conclusion of the anthem Chaplain Axton pronounced the invocation.

As the chaplain concluded the invocation the sudden, clear note of the army trumpet call, "Attention," marked noon and the nation-wide two-minute pause. The whole company stood bowed in silence.

There was absolute silence, a hush as if the world had stopped.

The opening notes of America signaled the ending of the two-minute period and the great chorus was caught up and swept over the hills, the thousands outside joining in the mighty hymn of love of country.

Weeks Speaks.

As the last great note died away Secretary Weeks stepped to his place beside the bier for his brief speech as master of ceremonies.

Shortly afterward President Harding began delivering his address—a tribute in the name of the American people to the man who slept beneath the flag.

As Mr. Harding spoke, the sun drove through the haze and splashed the whole great gathering with golden light, as though it also would lay its life-giving hand in commendation on the humble, faithful servant at rest.

There was unbroken silence as the President spoke. Every tone of his voice showed the emotions he felt as he read slowly and distinctly that his words might be caught by the electric appliances and sent winging to other thousands at the far side of nation.

As the President concluded, a clear blue sky above the white bowl, turned up from the green hills below, as though it offered a human tribute of emotion and high feeling to the mystery beyond, into which the lonely sleeper had gone forever. It was as though all the solemn words and chords were lifted up to him there above.

The warming sun rained down its rays on those gathered to do honor to the dead. Its beams struck in beneath the pillars of the colonnade to paint the white arches with dark, gold-toned shadows over the heads of the great men standing there in tribute.

Dramatic Moment.

There was a dramatic moment as the President concluded, when touching on the coming conference in Washington he said it should be the beginning of a better civilization, a more lasting peace, and then ended his address with a recitation of the Lord's prayer in which the thousands joined, their strong, earnest tones rolling up the pledge of faith to the sunlight above.

At the conclusion of the prayer a quartet of singers from the Metropolitan Opera House of New York sang The Supreme Sacrifice—

"Oh, valiant hearts, who to your glory come,
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved."

Major Fenton, of the general staff, then stepped forward and handed to Secretary Weeks the velvet-lined boxes containing the nation's highest tokens of valor for the dead hero. Secretary Weeks took the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross from their cases and handed them to President Harding. The President leaned over the casket and, side by side, at the head, pinned both in place.

Then Lieutenant General Baron Jacques of Belgium, stepped forward. He paused beside the casket, then clutching the Belgian Croix de Guerre on his own breast, tore it from the cloth tunic to pin it on the flag draped casket. The Belgian chief stepped back and his hand shot to his cap brim in salute.

The Victoria Cross, Britain's most prized war decoration, never before placed on the breast of a man not a British subject, was next bestowed. Earl Beatty, admiral of the fleet, set it on the flag and saluted as he stepped back. Then, General, the earl of Cavan, representing the King of England, in person, spoke briefly of the services this humble soldier had rendered not only America, but the world there in France.

Marshal Foch of France stepped forward and with every show of feeling placed above the quiet breast the Medaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre. He cited this dead soldier for valor, speaking in French, saluted and turned away to let General Diaz bring forward and pin in place Italy's gold medal for bravery.

In order the Rumanian Virtutea Militara was added to the gleaming row on the casket by Prince Bibesco, Rumanian minister; the Czecho-Slovak War Cross by Dr. Stepanek, minister in Washington, and the Virtuti Militari by Prince Lubomirski, Polish minister.

BLUE LAWS FOR WEST VA. GIRLS

No More Form Clinging Gowns or Rolled Stockings in Schools.

"Soft" and "clinging" will be deleted from the vocabularies of West Virginia's young womanhood under an edict of the State Department of Education.

Prudence and modesty henceforth must be the watchwords.

Banned are the soft, clinging, form-revealing dresses.

Short skirts, which start with the ring of pink above the rolled stockings, must come down, while the stockings must go up to where our grandmothers wore them.

Moonlight tete-a-tetes are relegated to the land of might-have-been.

Or, briefly, everything with a kick is thrown into the discard, and a new deal, with plain and simple dresses, cotton hose, rougeless checks, chaperons and a slangless language as trumps, is called.

Recently the girls at Point Pleasant high school, under the direction of Miss Hannah Hood, graduate of Goucher college, adopted a new code of morals, including "some of the ideals which the girls will strive to attain." The code—all blue—was approved and adopted by the State Department of Education.

Copies, it is understood, will be sent to all public schools and coeducational colleges in the state, with the recommendation that the provisions be made effective.

The code follows:

1. We approve of a plain and simple dress for school.
2. We feel that lightweight georgettes and chiffons are undesirable for school wear.
3. We disapprove of soft, clinging materials which reveal the form.
4. We disapprove of extreme low necks and formal evening gowns.
5. We approve of dress lengths being regulated to fit the physique of the individual.
6. We disapprove of rolled and "loud" hose.
7. We consider silk hose unnecessary for school wear.
8. We believe school shoes should be comfortable, with low heels.
9. We disapprove of the use of eyebrow pencil, lip stick, rouge and heavy face powder.
10. We believe in chaperons for all parties, including motor rides.
11. We approve of the "hands-off" policy in friendship between boys and girls.
12. We believe no girl should accept presents or motor rides from strangers.
13. We believe every girl should be especially particular in selecting subjects and words when conversing with a boy.
14. We believe slang should be excluded from our speech.
15. We believe no girl should take part in gossiping.
16. Every girl who comes to school immodestly attired will be sent before a committee composed of the lady members of the faculty.

PART OF GOOD ROADS MONEY IS NOW READY

One-third of the $75,000,000 appropriated by the good roads bill approved by the President, will be available immediately, the department of agriculture announced. The remainder of the money will be available Jan. 1, 1922. The money will be apportioned among the various states as follows: Kentucky, $1,417,178; Michigan, $2,249,906; Pennsylvania, $3,393,853.

Harding Is Pictured as an Indian Chief

President Harding, dressed as an Indian chief, was the central figure in the leading cartoon in Punch recently.

The President, in his costume, is pictured with his pipe in hand, standing in front of the conference wigwam. The wigwam is decorated with a dove of peace, an American eagle and a huge tin of tobacco, labeled "All around navy cut prepared by the Warren Harding company, U. S. A."

The cartoon bears the caption: "The great dry chief—I do trust this won't make any of them sick."

EXPECTANT MOTHERS
For Three Generations Have Made Child-Birth Easier By Using—
MOTHER'S FRIEND
SOLD BY ALL DRUG STORES
WRITE FOR BOOKLET ON MOTHERHOOD AND THE BABY TO BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., DEPT. D, ATLANTA, GA.

NEWS FROM CAPITAL

What Congress Is Doing

BY EVEN more decisive votes than that on the Reed amendment the senate twice rejected soldiers' bonus amendments to the revenue bill. An amendment by Senator Simmons (N. C.) providing for the payment of the bonus out of interest to be collected on foreign loans was defeated, 29 to 42. An amendment by Senator McKellar (Tenn.) of a somewhat similar nature, but setting aside a fund of $2,000,000,000 to be accumulated from the interest on foreign debts, was rejected by a vote of 25 to 44.

The Philippine senate in caucus decided to remain firm in its refusal to confirm a number of important appointments by Governor Leonard Wood. Senators declared they had not been consulted regarding the appointments, a right they insisted is given them under the Jones law. They also asserted there are others better fitted for the positions than Governor Wood's appointees.

Herbert Hoover, in a letter to Mayor Thompson of Chicago, rebuked him for standing alone in refusing to co-operate with the President's conference committee on unemployment.

China's defaulting on the $5,500,000 loan caused Secretary Hughes to cable a remonstrance to Peking, coupled with a warning of the disastrous effect a default would have on Chinese credit in the United States.

Authoritative information is in possession of the American delegation to the armament conference that the Anglo-Japanese alliance in the form that has been objectionable to this government and the British dominions, will not survive, no matter what results from the Washington conference.

Japan's first aim at the armament conclave is to gain the good will and trust of other nations alienated during the last few years, and to accomplish this delegates are authorized to make sacrifices.

Republican leaders in the house failed to avert a clash over the tax bill when it was sent to conference.

War finance corporation has loaned $22,663,000 to farmers and cattlemen in 19 states in the last 75 days.

Representative Royal Johnson, who fought in France, told the house that American soldiers were not hanged abroad without a trial, but that he believed soldiers in the front line who were traitors, cowards, spies or mentally deranged were shot in some instances.

Three powerful new submarines ready in 1923, described by navy plans, possess engines of gas and electrical power of unique design.

Publicity of conference deliberations on armament limitation, with unprecedented amplitude of detail promised by administration. American proposals for naval limitation will be presented at an early session.

Japan ready to cut down navy program if agreement with other powers assuring Japan's safety can be obtained, Admiral Kato, head of the delegation, declares. He said it is America's next move.

French co-operation with America promised President by Premier Briand at official White House call.

Passage of Campbell-Willis bill banning beer as medicine assured, the wets abandoning obstructive tactics and "unanimously" agreeing to vote Nov. 18.

Marines to number of 1,000, or more if necessary, ordered out to protect mails from robbers.

Request for a reopening of hearings on American tariff valuation plan received by Senator Penrose from the National Retail Dry Goods association.

American women are backing the administration in its search for international agreements that will make possible a reduction of armaments.

Lloyd George, in a message to Secretary of State Hughes, expressing regret that he cannot reach Washington in time for the opening of the armament conference, lauds President Harding for initiating the international discussion and declares "the heart of Britain is deeply set upon the success of the conference."

Premier Briand of France says that France has no intention to reopen the question of the Anglo-Franco-American defensive alliance; that she will not raise the issue of the war debts and will ask for nothing.

Ma Soo, personal representative of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, president of the South China republic, left Washington to emphasize the fact that South China has no part in the armament conference.

HARDING WELCOMES STATESMEN OF WORLD TO ARMS CONFERENCE

Continued From Page One.

war and more enjoyment of fortunate peace.

The higher hopes come of the spirit of our coming together. It is but just to recognize varying needs and peculiar positions. Nothing can be accomplished in disregard of national apprehensions. Rather, we should act together to remove the causes of apprehensions. This is not to be done in intrigue. Greater assurance is found in the exchanges of simple honesty and directness, among nations, when civilization itself has come to its crucial test.

It is not to be challenged that government fails when the excess of its cost robs the people of the way to happiness and the opportunity to achieve. If the finer sentiments were not urging, the cold, hard facts of excessive cost, the eloquence of economics would urge us to reduce our armaments. If the concept of a better order does not appeal, then let us ponder the burden and the blight of continued competition.

It is not to be denied that the world has swung along throughout the ages without heeding this call from the kindlier hearts of men. But the same world never before was so tragically brought to realization of the utter futility of passion's sway when reason and conscience and fellowship point a nobler way.

U. S. Wants Peace.

I can speak officially only for our United States. Our hundred millions frankly want less of armament and none of war. Wholly free from guile, sure in our own minds that we harbor no unworthy designs, we accredit the world with the same good intent. So I welcome you, not alone in good will and high purpose, but with high faith.

We are met for a service to mankind. In all simplicity, in all honesty and all honor, there may be written here the avowals of a world conscience refined by the consuming fires of war, and made more sensitive by the anxious aftermath. I hope for that understanding which will emphasize the guarantees of peace, and for commitments to less burdens and a better order which will tranquilize the world. In such an accomplishment there will be added glory to your flags and ours, and the rejoicing of mankind will make the transcending music of all succeeding time.

U. S. PROPOSES NAVAL HOLIDAY

Continued From Page One.

and it is certain that many understandings and agreements will be made privately, but the Washington conference will be held in the open as no other diplomatic conference in the world's history has ever been. That has already been settled and whether there are numerous meetings or only a few public sessions in the nature of dress parades the pressure of public opinion has made it certain that the public will be kept informed of the successive steps taken by the delegates to achieve results.

Full, free and frank publicity will be the order of the day and this many observers believe, more than any other one thing will contribute to the chances for success.

Cries for Briand.

When Hughes concluded his speech, cries of "Briand, Briand," from the galleries halted a suggestion by the chairman for an adjournment.

The French premier received an ovation as he slowly arose. Everybody on the floor and in galleries arose en masse as a tribute to the French statesman.

"France is ready to say 'Down with arms.'"

As these concluding words of Briand's speech, uttered in a ringing tone, and with a dramatic spread of his upraised hands, were translated by an interpreter the galleries burst into fresh applause.

France, however, was not included in the program proposed by Hughes and thus could look with undisguised pleasure on any measure that would decrease other navies and bring them to a plane somewhat nearer the French.

Russian Town Has Hospitals, But No Medicine for Sick

The lack of medicine in Russian hospitals becomes accentuated in Tzaritzin. It is even worse than further down the Volga. Tzaritzin has five hospitals, none of which has a single grain of quinine or of any of the other simpler medicines, nor have they money with which to purchase nourishing food for their patients.

At the Second Soviet hospital for typhus patients established in a converted private residence, there are 50 patients with a lone woman doctor in charge, and with a few servant girls as nurses. She is without olive oil, camphor, alcohol, bed clothing or fresh garments. In the First Soviet hospital, at the outskirts of the city, there are 150 patients, but no medicines, no lye soaps, no carbolic acid for washing the germ-infested floors.

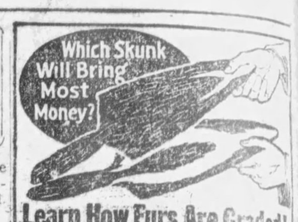
The daily food of the convalescents consists of one dish of hot soup, one-sixth of a pound of meat and three-quarters of a pound of bread.

The Soviet government formerly supplied all medicines free to hospital patients and the general public but it ceased doing so some months ago.

Doctors and hospital attendants are thin and hungry despite the fact that Tzaritzin now is the best and cheapest food center in the entire Volga district. Here the public market is fully stocked. But, as in other Volga cities, at prices beyond the purse of most of its inhabitants.

BODIES OF SUBMARINE'S VICTIMS WASHED ASHORE

Several bodies recently washed up on the western coast of Denmark are believed to have come from a ship sunk during the war by a German submarine. It is supposed that the victims were caught in the ship when it sank and were not released until the ship was broken up by a storm whose effect was felt even below the surface of the water.



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THAT ELUSIVE ELIXIR

Now Professor Finds Secret of Long Life Is Diet of Sour Milk, Cheese and White Bread.

The elixir of long life consists of soured cow's milk, cheese made from sheep's milk, and white bread, asserts Dr. Sadowein, professor of physical training at the University of Kiev. He has found a village in the mountains near Temir Khan Shura, the new capital of the Daghestan republic, where 18 men, out of a total population of 120, are more than 100 years old.

Investigation showed they ate the above named foods exclusively. Many persons transported from the famine regions of Central Russia are migrating into the mountains where this food is to be had in abundance.

APPETITE FAIL?

If You're Sleepless, Nervous, Weak, Take This Woman's Advice

Hamilton, Ohio — "About four months ago I had an attack of nervous prostration. I could not sleep at night and my appetite was failing. After trying several other medicines with no results, and noticing Dr. Pierce' Favorite Prescription advertised through the local papers, I decided to give the 'Prescription' a fair trial. I also took the 'Pleasant Pellets' and can say that I have been greatly benefited by the use of these medicines of Dr. Pierce's. I would advise any woman in a nervous, weakened condition to give 'Favorite Prescription' a fair trial." — Mrs. J. H. Smith, 112 Main St.

What Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for others it will do for you. Get it this very day from your neighborhood druggist in either liquid or tablet form, and write Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free confidential medical advice. —Advertisement

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Generates and burns gas from kerosene in ordinary lamp. White light. No smoke—no odor. Guaranteed. Send dealer's name and address and your name and address with 40 cents for burner if he cannot supply.

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Bumstead's Worm Syrup

The safe and sure remedy. Stood the test for 60 years. To children an angel of mercy. It never fails. All druggists, 50c. Est. C. A. Voorhees, M. D., Phila. Pa.

DROPSY Treated One Week FREE! Short breathing relieved in a few hours, swelling reduced in a few days, regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system. Write for Free Trial Treatment. Collins Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. F-19, Atlanta, Ga.

No Rats By Sunday

On Thursday scatter small bits of "Rough On Rats" mixed with chopped meat about the place; on Friday mix dampened oatmeal and "Rough On Rats"; Saturday chopped ham with "Rough On Rats" will get all that are left. Sunday comes but rats and mice are gone. Change of bait fools the pests. Get "Rough On Rats" at drug and general stores. Write for booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice", sent free to you.

E. S. WELLS
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ROUGH ON RATS

When Meals Disagree

and you experience an acid, sour condition due to indigestion or dyspepsia, there is prompt relief in

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They neutralize the acidity by giving the stomach the alkaline effect, the same as when in normal condition.

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To anyone suffering from Piles we make this unlimited offer. Send us your address and return mail will bring you a regular Dollar Package of Dr. Van Vleck's 3-fold Absorption Treatment for Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles, and such Pile trouble—all in plain wrapper—TO TRY FREE. Dr. Van Vleck, ex-surgeon U. S. army, spent forty years perfecting his now world famous Absorption Method. No knife, no pain, no doctor bills—just a simple home treatment that can be tried by anyone without cost. Then, after trying, if you are fully satisfied with the relief and comfort it gives you, send us One Dollar. If not, it costs you nothing. You decide and we take your word. We don't know how we could show more unbounded faith in our remedy. It is relieving almost every stage and condition of Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles, even after whole lifetimes of misery. We have received hundreds of letters telling of the success of this remarkably effective system after everything else, including costly and dangerous operations, had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. The milder cases are often controlled in a single day. Won't you try it at our expense? Address Dr. Van Vleck Co., D. WB14 Jackson, Mich. Send no money. Send today.

YOU'LL GET RID OF BLACKHEADS SURE

There is one simple, safe and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads and that is to dissolve them.

To do this get two ounces of calonite powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet sponge—rub over the blackhead briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear, leaving the parts without any mark whatever. Blackheads are simply a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions from the body that form in the pores of the skin—pinching and squeezing only cause irritation, make large pores, and do not get the blackheads out after they become hard. The calonite powder and the water simply dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition. Anyone troubled with these unsightly spots is sure to find that this method would certainly help them. —Advertisement

A MAN FOR THE AGES

By Irving Bacheller

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Copyright, 1919, Irving Bacheller.

Continued From Last Week.

This company was chiefly occupied in the moving of supplies and the burying of a few men who had been killed in small engagements with the enemy. It was a band of rough-looking fellows in the costume of the frontier farm and workshop—ragged, dirty and unshorn. The company was disbanded July tenth at Whitewater, Wisconsin, where, that night, the horses of Harry and Abe were stolen. From that point they started on their long homeward tramp with a wounded sense of decency and justice. They felt that the Indians had been wronged; that the greed of land grabbers had brutally violated their rights. This feeling had been deepened by the massacre of the red women and children at Bad Ax.

A number of mounted men went with them and gave them a ride now and then. Some of the travelers had little to eat on the journey. Both Abe and Harry suffered from hunger and sore feet before they reached Peoria where they bought a canoe and in the morning of a bright day started down the Illinois river.

They had a long day of comfort in its current with a good store of bread and butter and cold meat and pie. The prospect of being fifty miles nearer home before nightfall lightened their hearts and they laughed freely while Abe told of his adventures in the campaign. To him it was all a wild comedy with tragic scenes dragged into it and woefully out of place. Indeed he thought it no more like war than a pig sticking and that was the kind of thing he hated.

At noon they put ashore and sat on a grassy bank in the shade of a great oak to escape the withering sunlight of that day late in July, while they ate their luncheon.

"I reckon that the Black Hawk war was largely manufactured," said Abe as they sat in the cool shade.

"If they had been let alone I don't believe the Indians would have done any harm. It reminds me a little of the story of a rich man down in Lexington who put a cast iron buck in his dooryard. Next morning all the dogs in the neighborhood got together and looked him over from a distance. He had invaded their territory and they reckoned that he was theirs. They saw a chance for fun. One o' their number volunteered to go and scare up the buck. So he raised the hair on his back and sneaked up from behind and when he was about forty feet away made hell bent for the buck's heels. The buck didn't move and the dog nearly broke his neck on that pair of cast iron legs. He went limping back to his comrades.

"'What's the trouble?' they asked.

"'It's nary buck,' said the dog.

"'What is it then?'

"'Darned if I know. It kicks like a mule an' smells like a gate post.'

"Come on, you fellers. It looks to me like a good time to go home, said a wise old dog. 'I've learned that ye can't always believe yerself.'

"It's a good thing for a man or government to learn," Abe went on as they resumed their journey. "We learned not to believe everything I hear. The first command I was in, one o' the company hollered 'Fire to hell.' Every one before me laughed. It was a chance to get mad. I didn't for I knew what it meant. I just looked sober and said:

"'Well, boys, I haven't far to go and I reckon we'll all get there if we don't quit fooling an' 'tend to business.'

"They agreed with me."

Harry had not heard from home since he left it. Abe had had a letter from Rutledge which gave him the news of Bim's elopement. The latter had said:

"I was over to Beardstown the day Kelso and McNeil got off the steamer I brought them home with me. Kelso was bigger than his trouble. Said that the ways of Providence were a part of the great plan. Sorter, Thornas!' he said. 'They tell the teachers of wisdom and who is it that I should think myself or my daughter too good for the like of it is written that Jesus Christ did not complain of them.'"

"Have you heard from home?" he asked as they paddled on.

"Not a word," said Harry. "You're not expecting to meet Mr. Kelso?"

"That's the best part of getting home for me," said Harry, turning with a smile.

"Let her drift for a minute," said Abe. "I've got a letter from James Rutledge that I want to read to you. There's a big lesson in it for both of us—something to remember all along as we live."

Abe read the letter. Harry sat in loneliness. Slowly his head bent forward until his chin touched his breast.

Abe said with a tender note in his voice as he folded the letter:

"This man is well along in life. He hasn't youth to help him as you have. See how he takes it and she's the only child he has. There are millions of pretty girls in the world for you to choose from."

"I know it, but there's only one Bim Kelso in the world," Harry answered mournfully. "She was the one I loved."

"Yes but you'll find another. It looks serious but it isn't—you're so young. Hold up your head and keep going. You'll be happy again soon."

"Maybe, but I don't see how," said the boy.

"There are lots of things you can't see from where you are at this present moment. There are a good many miles ahead o' you I reckon and one thing you'll see plainly, by and by that it's all for the best. I've suffered a lot myself but I can see now it has been a help to me. It wasn't an hour of it I'd be willing to give up."

They paddled along in silence for a time.

"It was my fault," said Harry presently. "I never could say the thing I wanted to when she was with me. My tongue was too slow. She gave me a chance and I wasn't man enough to take it. That's all I've got to say on that subject."

He seemed to find it hard to keep the word for in a moment he added: "I wouldn't have been so good a man if it hadn't been for her. I guess the Injuns would have got me but when I thought of her I just kept going."

"I think you did it just because you were a brave man and had a duty to perform," said Abe.

Some time afterward in a letter to his father the boy wrote:

"I often think of that ride down the river and the way he talked to me. It was so gentle. He was a big, powerful giant of a man who weighed over two hundred pounds, all of it bone and muscle. But under his great strength was a woman's gentleness; under the dirty, ragged clothes and the rough, brown skin grimy with dust and perspiration, was one of the cleanest souls that ever came to this world. I don't mean that he was like a minister. He could tell a story with pretty rough talk in it but always for a purpose. He hated dirt on the hands or on the tongue. If another man had a trouble Abe took hold of it with him. He would put a lame man's pack on top of his own and carry it. He loved flowers like a woman. He loved to look at the stars at night and the colors of the sunset and the morning dew on the meadows. I never saw a man so much in love with fun and beauty."

They reached Havana that evening and sold their canoe to a man who kept boats to rent on the river shore. They ate a hot supper at the tavern and got a ride with a farmer who was going ten miles in their direction. From his cabin some two hours later they set out afoot in the darkness.

"I reckon it will be easier under the stars than under the hot sun," said Abe. "Our legs have had a long rest anyhow."

They enjoyed the coolness and beauty of the summer night.

"Going home is the end of all journeys," said Abe as they tramped along. "Did it ever occur to you that every living creature has its home? The fish of the sea, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field and forest, the creepers in the grass, all go home. Most of them turn toward it when the day wanes. The call of home is the one voice heard and respected all the way down the line of life. And, ye know, the most wonderful and mysterious thing in nature is the power that fool animals have to go home through great distances, like the turtle that swam from the Bay of Biscay to his home off Van Dieman's Land. Somehow coming over in a ship he had blazed a trail through the pathless deep more than ten thousand miles long. It's the one miraculous gift—the one call that's irresistible. Don't you hear it now? I never lie down in the darkness without thinking of home when I am away."

"And it's hard to change your home when you're wonted to it," said Harry.

"Yes, it's a little like dying when you pull up the roots and move. It's been hard on your folks."

This remark brought them up to the greatest of mysteries. They tramped in silence for a moment. Abe broke in upon it with these words:

"I reckon there must be another home somewhere to go to after we have broke the last camp here and a kind of a bird's compass to help us find it. I reckon we'll hear the call of it as we grow older."

He stopped and took off his hat and looked up at the stars and added:

"If it isn't so I don't see why the long procession of life keeps harping on this subject of home. I think I see the point of the whole thing. It isn't the place or the furniture that makes it home, but the love and peace that's in it. By and by our home isn't here any more. It has moved. Our minds begin to beat about in the undiscovered countries looking for it. Somehow we get it located—each man for himself."

For another space they hurried along without speaking.

"I tell you, Harry, whatever a large number of intelligent folks have agreed upon for some generations is so—if they have been allowed to do their own thinking," said Abe. "It's about the only wisdom there is."

He had sounded the keynote of the new Democracy.

"There are some who think that Reason is the only guide but in the one problem of going home it don't compare with the turtle's wisdom," Abe added. "His head isn't bigger than a small apple. But I reckon the scientist can't teach him anything about navigation. Reminds me o' Steve Nuckles. His head is full of ignorance but he'll know how to get home when the time comes."

"My stars! How we're hurrying!" Harry exclaimed at length.

"I didn't realie it—I'm so taken up with the thought of getting back," said Abe. "It's as if my friends had a rope around me and were pulling it."

So under the lights of heaven, speaking in the silence of the night, of impenetrable mysteries, they journeyed on toward the land of plenty.

"It's as still as a graveyard." Harry whispered when they had climbed the bluff by the mill long after midnight and were near the little village.

"They're all buried in sleep," said Abe. "We'll get Rutledge out of bed. He'll give us a shake-down somewhere."

His loud rap on the door of the tavern signalized more than a desire for rest in the weary travelers, for just then a cycle of their lives had ended.

BOOK TWO—CHAPTER X.

In Which Abe and Samson Wrestle and Some Raiders Come to Burn and Stay to Repent.

Within a week after their return the election came off and Abe was defeated, although in his precinct two hundred and twenty-seven out of a total of three hundred votes had been cast for him. He began to consider which way to turn. He thought seriously of the trade of the blacksmith which many advised. Burns and Shakespeare, who had been with him in recent vicissitudes seemed to disagree with him. Jack Kelso, who had welcomed the returning warriors in the cheery fashion of old, vigorously opposed his trying "to force the gates of fortune with the strong arm." They were far more likely to yield, he said, to a well trained intellect of which mighty sinews were a poor tool but a good setting. Moreover, Major John T. Stuart—a lawyer of Springfield—who had been his comrade in the "war" had encouraged him to study law, and, further, had offered to lend him books. So he looked for an occupation which would give him leisure for study. Offut, his former employer, had failed and cleared out. The young giant regarded thoughtfully the scanty opportunities of the village. He could hurl his great strength into the axhead and make a good living but he had learned that such a use of it gave him a better appetite for sleep than study.

John McNeil, who for a short time had shared his military adventures, had become a partner of Samuel Hill in a store larger and better stocked than any the village had known. But Hill and McNeil had no need of a clerk. Rowan Herndon and William Berry—he of the morning-glory shirt—had opened a general store. Mr. Herndon offered to sell his interest to Abe and take notes for his pay. It was not a proposition that promised anything but loss. The community was small and there were three other stores and there was no other "Bill" Berry, who was given to drink and dreams as Abe knew. He was never offensive. Drink begat in Bill Berry a benevolent form of intemperance. It imparted to him a feeling of pity for the human race and a deep sense of obligation to it. In his cups he acquired a notable generosity and politeness. In the words of Jack Kelso he was then "as placid as a mill pond and as full of reflection." He had many friends and no one had questioned his honesty.

Abe Lincoln had not been trained to weigh the consequences of a business enterprise. The store would give him leisure for study and New Salem could offer him nothing else save consuming toil with the axe or the saw. He could not think of leaving the little cabin village. There were Ann Rutledge and Jack Kelso and Samson Traylor and Harry Needles. Every ladder climber in the village and on the plain around it was his friend.

Upon these people who knew and respected him Abe Lincoln based his hopes. Among them he had found his vision and failure had not diminished or dimmed it. He would try again for a place in which he could serve them and if he could learn to serve Sangamon County he could learn to serve the state and, possibly, even the Republic. With this thought and a rather poor regard for his own interest his name fell into bad company on the signboard of Berry and Lincoln. Before he took his place in the store he walked to Springfield and borrowed a law book from his friend Major Stuart.

The career of the firm began on a hot day late in August with Bill Berry smoking his pipe in a chair on the little veranda of the store and Abe Lincoln sprawled in the shade of a tree that partly overhung its roof, reading a law book. The latter was collarless and without coat or waistcoat. His feet were in yarn socks and heavy cloth slippers. Mr. Berry was looking intently at nothing. He was also thinking of nothing with a devotion worthy of the noblest cause. No breeze touched the mill pond of his consciousness. He would have said that he "had his traps set for an idea and was watching them." Generally he was watching his traps with a look of dreamy contemplation. He, too, wore no waistcoat. His calico shirt was decorated with diminutive roses in pink ink. His ready tied necktie was very red and fastened on his collar button with an elastic loop. A nugget of free gold which, he loved to explain, had come from the Rocky Mountains and had ten dollars' worth of the root of evil in it, adorned his shirt front—dangling from a pin bar on a tiny chain.

The face of Mr. Berry suddenly assumed a look of animation. A small, yellow dog which had been lying in repose beside him rose and growled, his hair rising, and with a little cry of alarm and astonishment fled under the store.

"Here comes Steve Nuckles on his old mare with a lion following him," said Berry.

Abe closed his book and rose and looked at the approaching minister and his big dog.

"If we ain't careful we'll git prayed for plenty," said Berry.

"If the customers don't come faster I reckon we'll need it," said Abe.

"Howdy," said the minister as he stopped at the hitching bar, dismounted and tied his mare. "Don't be skeered o' this 'ere dog. He were tied when I left home but he chawed his rope an' come a'ter me. I reckon if nobody feeds him he'll patter back tonight."

"He's a whopper!" said Abe.

"He's the masteris' dog I ever did see," said the minister, a tall, lank, brawny, dark-skinned man with gray eyes, sandy whiskers on the point of his chin, and clothes worn and faded. "Any plug tobaccer?"

"A load of it," said Berry, going into the store to wait on the minister.

When they came out the latter carved off a corner of the plug with his jack-knife, put it into his mouth and sat down on the doorstep.

"Mr. Nuckles, how did you happen to become a minister?" Abe asked.

"Well, sur, I done had a dream," said the Reverend Mr. Nuckles, as he clasped his hands over a knee and chewed vigorously. "I done dreamt that I had swallered a double wagon and that the tongue o' the wagon were stickin' out o' my mouth. It were a cur'ous dream an' I cain't tell what you'd make of it, but I done tuk it for a sign that my tongue were to be used on the gospel."

"It shows that a man who can swaller a wagon can swaller anything," said Abe. "But I'm glad you took it for a sign. You've done a lot of good in this country. I've seen you out in all weather and you've made over many a man and broke and bitted some of the wildest colts on the prairie."

"I jes' keep watch an' when ol' Satan comes snoopin' eround I'm right thar to ketch holt an' flop him. It done come to pass frequent I've laid it on till he were jest a hollerin' fer mercy. Where do Samson Traylor live?"

Abe took him to the road and pointed the way.

"There be goin' to be a raid," said Nuckles. "I reckon, by all I've heard, it'll come on tonight."

"A raid! Who's going to raided?" Abe asked.

"Them Traylor folks. A lady done tol' me yesterday. Soon as ever I got her soul saved she blabbed it. Thar be a St. Louis man name o' Biggs, done stirred up the folks, from Missourey and Tennessee on the south road 'bout the Yankee who holps the niggers out o' bondage. Them folks'd have slavery in this here county if they could. They be right hot I reckon. A stranger done been goin' eround with whisky in his bags startin' a band o' regulators. Held a meetin' las' Sunday. They be goin' to do some regulatin' tonight. Ol' Satan'll break loose. Ef you don't wa'ch out they'll come over an' burn his house sartin."

"We'll watch out," said Abe. "They don't know Traylor. He's one of the best men in this county."

"I've heerd he were a he man an' a right powerful God-fearin' man," said the minister.

"He's one of the best men that ever came to this country and any one that wants to try his strength is welcome to; I don't," said Abe. "Are you going over there?"

"I were goin' to warn 'em an' holp 'em ef I cain."

"Well, go on, but don't stir 'em up," Abe cautioned him. "Don't say a word about the raid. I'll be over there with some other fellers soon after sundown. We'll just tell 'em it's a he party come over for a story-tellin' an' a rassle. I reckon we'll have some fun. Ride on over and take supper with 'em. They're worth knowing."

In a few minutes the minister mounted his horse and rode away followed by his big dog.

"If I was you I wouldn't go," said Berry.

"Why not?"

"It'll hurt trade. Let the rest of Traylor's friends go over. There's enough of 'em."

"We must all stand as one man for law and order," said Abe. "If we don't there won't be any."

As soon as Abe had had his supper he went from house to house and asked the men to come to his store for a piece of important business. When they had come he told them what was in the wind. Soon after that hour Abe and Philemon Morris, and Alexander Ferguson, and Martin Waddell and Robert Johnson and Joshua Miller and Jack Kelso and Samuel Hill and John McNeill set out for Traylor's cabin. Doctor Allen and Regnier and James Rutledge and John Cameron and Isaac Gollaher, being older men, were requested to remain in the village and to use their guns, if necessary, to prevent a demonstration there. Samson greeted the party with a look of surprise.

"Have you come out to hang me?" he asked.

"No just to hang around ye," said Abe.

To Be Continued.

THE WRECKERS

By Francis Lynde

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Continued From Last Week.

Mr. Van Britt took it quietly, as he did most things, sitting with his hands in his pockets and smiling bland where Hornack had exploded in wrathful profanity. At the wind-up he said:

"Old Uncle Breckenridge is one too many for you, Graham. You can't stand the gaff—this new gaff of Hatch's; and neither can you go before the people as the accuser of your president—and hope to hold your job. The one thing for you to do is to lock up your office and walk out."

"Upton, if I thought you meant that—but I never know when to take you seriously."

"The two enginemen who ran over the ranchman's pet cow had no such difficulty, I assure you. And isn't it good advice? You know, as well as I do, that Chadwick is holding you here by main strength; that you can never accomplish anything permanent while Dunton and his cronies are at the steering-wheel. It might be different if you had the local backing of your constituency—the people served by the Short Line. But you haven't that; up to date, the people are merely interested spectators."

"Go on," said the boss, frowning again.

"They have a stake in the game—the biggest of the stakes, as a matter of fact—but it isn't sufficiently apparent to make them climb in and fight for you. They are saying, with a good bit of reason, that, after all is said and done, Big Money—Wall street—still has the call, and any twenty-four hours may see the whole thing slump back into graft and crooked politics."

"It is so true that you might be reading it out of a book," was the boss' comment. And then: "What's the answer?"

Mr. Van Britt shook his head. "I don't know. If you had money enough to buy the voting control in P. S. L. you might get somewhere; but as it is, you're like a cat in Hades without claws."

"Tell me," said Mr. Norcross, after a little pause: "You're a native New Yorker: do you know this man Gollingwood?"

"Only by hearsay. He is what our English friends call a 'blooming bounder;' fast yachts, fast motor cars the fast set generally. It's a pretty bad case of money-spoil. I fancy. They say he wasn't always a total loss."

"Did you ever hear that he was married?"

"Oh, yes; he married a Kentucky girl some years ago: I don't remember her name. They say she stood for him about six months and then dropped out. I suppose he needs killing for that."

At this the boss went a step farther, saying: "He does, indeed, Upton. I happen to know the young woman."

That was when Mr. Van Britt fired his own little bomb-shell. "So do I," he answered quietly.

"But you said you had forgotten her name!"

"So I have—her married name. And what's more, I mean to keep on forgetting it."

There was no mistake about the boss' frown this time.

"That won't do, Upton," he said, kind of warningly.

"It will do well enough for the present. I'd marry her tomorrow, Graham, if she were free, and there were no other obstacles. Unhappily, there are two—besides the legal difficulty; she doesn't care for my money—having a little of her own; and she happens to be in love with the other fellow."

I guess the boss was remembering what Mrs. Sheila had told him in that confidence before the back-parlor fire, about its being all off between her and Collingwood, for he said: "I think you are mistaken as to that last."

"No, I'm not mistaken. But that's neither here nor there. Neither you nor I can send Collingwood to the penitentiary—that's a cinch. Wherefore, I'm advising you to quit, walk out, jump the job."

At that the boss took a fresh brace, righting his swing chair with a snap.

"You know very little about me, Upton, if you think I'm going to throw up my hands now, when the real pinch has come. A while back I might have done it, but now I'll fight until I'm permanently killed. I have a scheme—if it could only be worked. But it can't be worked on a rising market. I suppose you have seen the morning's quotations. By some trick or other, the Dunton people are boosting the stock again. It went up three points yesterday.

Mr. Van Britt grinned. "They're discounting the effect of this little political deal—which will at least rope your reform scheme down. If it doesn't do anything else. What you need is a good, old-fashioned cataclysm of some sort; something that would fairly knock the tar out of P. S. L. securities and send them skittering down the toboggan slide in spite of anything Uncle Breckenridge could do to stop them; down to where they could be safely and profitably picked up by the dear public. Unfortunately, those things don't happen outside of the story books. If they did, if the earthquake should happen along our way just now, I don't know but I'd be disloyal enough to get out and help it shake things up a bit."

After Mr. Van Britt had gone, the boss put in the remainder of the day like a workingman, skipping the noon luncheon as he sometimes did when the work drive was extra heavy. Meanwhile, as you'd suppose, rumor was plentifully busy, on the railroad, and also in town.

By noon it was well understood that there had been a radical change in the management of C. S. & W., and that there was going to be a general strike in answer to the slashing cut in wages. I slipped uptown to get a bite while Fred May was spelling me at the dictation desk, and I heard some of the talk. It was pretty straight, most of it—which shows how useless it is to try to keep any business secrets, nowadays.

For example: the three men at my table in the Bullard grill room—they didn't know me or who I was—knew that a council of war had been called in the railroad headquarters, and that Ripley had been pulled in by wire from Lesterburg, and that we were rushing around hurriedly to provide storage room for the wheat shippers in case the tie-up should bring on a fuel famine—knew all these things and talked about them.

They were facts, as far as they went—these things. The boss hadn't been idle during the forenoon, and he kept up the drive straight through to quitting time. Word was brought in during the afternoon by Tarbell that the Hatch people were wiring the Kansas City and Omaha employment agencies and placing hurry orders for strikebreakers. The boss' answer to this was a peremptory wire to our passenger agents at both points to make no rate concessions whatever, of any kind, for the transportation of laborers under contract. It was a shrewd little knock. Labor of that kind is mighty hard to move unless it can get free transportation or a low rate of fare, and I could see that Mr. Norcross was hoping to keep the strikebreakers away.

When six o'clock came, the boss asked May to stay and keep the office open while I could go down stairs and get my dinner in the station restaurant, and he went off uptown—to the club, I suppose. After I'd had my bite, I let May go. Everything was moving along all right, so far as anybody could see. We had five extra fuel trains loading at the company's chutes at Coalville, and the dispatcher was instructed to work them out on the line during the night, distributing them to the towns that had reported shortages. They were not to be turned over to the regular coal yards; they were to be side-tracked and held for emergencies.

Mr. Norcross came back about eight o'clock, and I gave him my report of how things were going on the line. A little later Mr. Cantrell dropped in, and there was a quiet talk about the situation, and what it was likely to develop. The Mountaineer editor was given all the facts, except the one big one about Hatch's death-grip on us, and in turn Mr. Cantrell promised the help of his paper to the last ditch—though, of course, he had no idea of how deep that last ditch was going to be. I had a lot of filing and indexing to do, and I kept at work while they were talking, wondering all the time if the boss would venture to tell the editor about the depth of that "last ditch." He didn't. I guess he thought he wouldn't until he had to.

It was pretty nearly nine o'clock when the editor went away, and Mr. Norcross was just saying to me that he guessed we'd better knock off for the night, when we heard a step in May's room. A second later the door was pushed open and a man came in, making for the nearest chair and flinging himself into it as if he'd reached the limit. It was Collingwood. He was chewing on a dead cigar and his face was like the face of a corpse. But he was sober.

Naturally, I supposed he had come to make trouble with the boss on Mrs. Sheila's account, and I quietly edged open the drawer of my desk where I kept Fred May's automatic, so as to be ready. He didn't waste much time.

"I saw you as I was coming away from Kendrick's last night," he began, with a bickering rasp in his voice. "Did you go up against the gun I had loaded for you?"

Mr. Norcross cut straight through to the bottom of that little complication at a single stroke.

"What Mrs. Collingwood said to me, or what I said to her, can have no possible bearing upon anything that you may have to say to me, or that I can consent to listen to, Mr. Collingwood."

The derelict sat up in his chair.

"But you've got to keep hands off, just the same; at Kendrick's, and in this other business, too. If you don't, there is going to be blood on the moon! Get me?"

The boss never batted an eye. "I'm taking it for granted that you are sober, Mr. Collingwood," he said. "If you are, you must surely know that threats are about the poorest possible weapons you can use just now."

"It's a plant, from start to finish!" gritted the man in the chair. "I haven't done a damned thing more than to cash a few checks for—for expenses, and turn the money over to Bullock. Now Hatch tells me that I was working with a spotter—his spotter—and that he can send me up for bribery. It's a lie. I don't know what Bullock did with the money, and I don't want to know."

"But you had orders to give it to him when he required it, didn't you?" Mr. Norcross cut in.

"That's none of your business. I want you to choke this man Hatch off of me!"

The boss had picked up his paper-knife. "I don't know why you should come to me for help," he said. "You have been hand-in-glove with these conspirators ever since you came out here. You have known what they were doing to destroy the railroad property and wreck our trains, and two days ago you knew that they had set a trap for my special train on the Strathcone branch—a trap that was meant to kill me."

It was a random shot, and I knew that Mr. Norcross was just guessing at where it might land when he fired it. But it went home; oh, you bet it went home!

"Damn you!" gurgled the bounder, half starting to his feet. "Why shouldn't I want to see you killed? And what do I care what becomes of your cursed railroad? Haven't you done enough to me?"

"No!" the word was slammed at him like a bullet. And then: "As I told you in the beginning, we won't go into any phase of it that involves Mrs. Collingwood. Get back into your own boat. Are you trying to tell me now that Hatch is threatening you?"

"He's played me for a come-on. He says he's got the whole business down in black and white, with affidavits, and all that. He had the nerve to tell me less than an hour ago that he'd burn me alive if I didn't toe the mark."

"What does he want you to do?"

"He wants me to stick around here so that he can use me against you. He knows how you're mixed up with Sheila and that you can't turn a wheel without making it look as if you were going after me on your own personal account."

There was silence for a little time, and the crackle of the match with which Mr. Norcross relighted his cigar smashed into the stillness like a tiny pistol shot. It was an awful muddle, with bloody murder sticking out of it on every side.

"If you have come here with the idea that I can force Hatch's hand, you are very much misled," said the boss, at the close of the electric pause. And then: "Has he made it appear to you that he was merely trying to help you avenge your own fancied wrongs?"

"He said I ought to get you; that any man who would make love to a married woman ought to be got."

My chief was looking past the derelict and out through the darkened window.

"You don't know me, Mr. Collingwood, but you do know your wife; and you know that she is as far above suspicion as the angels in heaven. Let that part of it go. Hatch was merely using you for his own ends. If he could persuade you to kill me off out of the way, it would be merely that much gained in the business fight. You haven't done it thus far, and now he's using your check-cashing excursion as a club with which he proposes to brain the entire railroad management, your uncle included, if we interfere with his plans."

Collingwood scowled up at the ceiling, shifting the dead cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other.

"So that's the way of it, is it?" he commented. "He was working for his own pocket all the time and Uncle Breck stands pat and slips him the ace he was needing to make his hand a winner. Between you and me, Norcross, I believe this damned piker needs killing a few times, himself."

The boss sat back in his swing chair and I could just imagine that he was trying to get some sort of proper angle on this young fellow who, in addition to his other scoundrelisms, big and little, had wrecked the life of Sheila Macrae. I knew what he was thinking. He had a theory that no man that was ever born was either all angel or all devil, and he was hunting for the redeeming streak in this one.

When you look right hard at the haggard face you could see something sort of half-appealing in it; something to make you think that perhaps, away back yonder before the spoiling began, there used to be a man; never a strong man, I guess but one that might have been generous and free-hearted, maybe. I got a fleeting little glimpse of that back-number man when he turned suddenly and said:

"One night a few weeks ago when I was full up, Hatch got hold of me and told me you were out at the Kendrick place with Sheila. He made me believe that I ought to go out there and kill you, and I started to do it. Do you know why I didn't do it?"

To Be Continued.

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

LITTLE 1212 has pockets, too, so Miss 1208 really has nothing but her size to distinguish her from her younger friends. Of course her hair is arranged in more mature fashion but she might change it any day. It is the older generation now who are copying the children, at the same time storming about what is to become of the world.

The Misses 1208, 1213, 1214 are wearing their voting frocks to which they have paid careful attention since they are about the latest style frock to be added to the long list of dinner gowns, tea gowns, simple creations for bridge parties and the formal street costume. Why shouldn't they pay special attention to the dress they choose to wear to the polls? Women—voting women are before the eyes of the world. They are being watched, criticized and tried. Appearance is half the battle, for who will give deference to a bedraggled voter who nine chances to one won't know her own mind? Or to the overdressed voter who shows lack of judgment and superficiality. Of course every vote counts, but some are losers and some are winners and we are cheering for the feminine voter who knows that she must have a care how she garbs the "new woman."

Little 1212 has ideas and they didn't all come out of that book either. The way she ties the bow at her neck is a warning to her fond parents to have a care unless she ensnare some heart before her school days are over.

Another independent and adorable lassie is 1219 who peeks out from under the dearest hat she could possibly find if she hunted the world over. Her coat has lines, something we wish every grown up coat could boast of.

Sweet Sallie down in the corner is shy. Maybe she doesn't like to have us stare at her but we can't help it—honestly, did you ever see anything more demure and lovable? Those tight little curls, the old-fashioned bangs, the wee hair ribbon and the dress just as old-fashioned quaint and suitable as we want it to be will linger in our memory for a long time.

No. 1208—Ladies' and Misses' Dress—Cut in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yard 36-inch material with ⅝ yard binding.

No. 1213—Ladies' Blouse—Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch figured material with ½ yard 36-inch plain material.

No. 1222—Ladies' Skirt—Cut in sizes 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 28 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material.

No. 1212—Girls' Dress—Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material with 2½ yards binding.

No. 1210—Girls' Coat—Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material with 5½ yards binding.

No. 1221—Girls' Dress—Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch material with ⅝ yard 14-inch contrasting.

No. 1214—Ladies' Dress—Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch material.

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Joint Rail Board Formed

Railroads of the southeastern territory and the four railroad brotherhoods announced the establishment of a joint board to adjust disputes growing out of personal grievances or out of interpretation or application of schedules, practices and agreements which can not be settled by direct conference.

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TOLEDO BLADE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

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Read the Advertising

We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

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When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, NOV. 17, 1921.

Plain common sense accomplishes things that make it appear brilliant.

Don't pray the Lord to change human nature. He wants it as it is.

About all it is necessary for an expert witness to know is which side his bread is buttered on.

Lima Beane says the fellow with the big head never gets swell enough alone.

More men yearn for the old wet nights than for the old wet days.

It takes fame to make a man's carbuncle a matter of public interest.

People going into Russia are admonished to take along a supply of insect powder. Communism has done nothing for the people but it has made a home for bedbugs and cooties.

It would be foolish to break a leg in anticipation of municipal beer. The government doesn't claim beer will knit a fracture.

Speakers who talk sense during a political campaign don't get any applause from the radicals.

Evidences that the Democratic party is still alive are pleasing. Life would be dull without a Democratic party.

A physician cannot write a beer prescription for himself. Evidently the law presumes that if he is sick he is too sick to know what is good for him.

When a big theory fails somebody gets hit by the reaction.

Difficult problems are not made easy by everlastingly talking about how hard they are.

Persons who have no desire to break the law don't hate policemen on general principles.

We can think of nothing more satisfying than the possibility of being a member in good standing of what is known as the public.

Japan is crowded and wants more elbow room. But who's going to shove over?

Some memberships in congress look like unemployment.

There is no sense in getting old if one doesn't improve with age.

To have the courage of one's convictions is all right if the convictions are not all wrong.

Soviet Russia would like to confer with foreign countries in reference to imperial Russia's old debts. It is a bait for recognition that will deceive none but poor fish.

Monday as the universal washday seems as well established as the Saturday night bath.

One must hate himself like the devil before he can vote a Socialist ticket for spite.

Bootleggers must not be blamed for the continued high price of shoes.

Grover Berglolt safe in Germany, is letting his old mother do all the worrying for the family. The boy who won't fight for his country cannot be expected to do much fighting for his mother.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you." But not if you laugh in your sleeve.

For want of a better name the conference for the limitation of armaments might be called a powwow, in honor of the first Americans.

One thing the world needs is somebody to put it in a good humor.

There isn't any stronger combination extant than the American government backed by public opinion.

It is probable that some of our prominent wet lawbreakers would not speak to an old-fashioned sheepthief if they met one feeling themselves so much higher in the social scale.

Much profiteering is done with the alienated affections of a cheap husband.

If sheep glands are good for children's brains it might be worth the experiment to try them on adults.

John Barleycorn is dead. What is seen is the funeral procession passing a given point.

Ambassador Harvey serves as a fine bumpingpost for the administration.

Henry Ford says he has no use for history. History may not tell him anything, but people who cannot believe that life began with the first honk of the flivver could not get along without the stories of the past to inspire them.

Old Bill Hohenzollern has been a failure in many ways, but they say he has made a success of tax dodging.

In congress it isn't in good taste to call a member what he is if he happens to be what he ought not be.

Americanism, the kind that has come down to us from Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt, is always an issue when Socialists are seeking election to any office.

Some Americans talk about the possibility of war with Japan as if they were afraid we would get whipped.

Most railroad strikes never happen.

The R'ght Kind of Diplomacy

If Secretary Hughes' diplomacy is "shirt-sleeve" diplomacy then God bless "shirt-sleeve" diplomacy—damned as it has been, despised as it may be. It is the kind of diplomacy that is to the old and sometimes hallowed international statecraft what the bright, open noonday is to the dank and dark alley.

The disarmament program of the United States as laid down by Secretary Hughes will compel almost immediate decision upon the fundamental questions for which the conference was called.

It makes the jockeying and trading that disgraced the Versailles meeting almost impossible in Washington. Attempts to postpone agreement on the subject will put the delegation involved in an awkward position. Whatever nation, if any, tries to maneuver for advantages not offered in the program will be shown up before the world in all of that nation's naked selfishness.

Under the Hughes terms the United States would scrap 30 capital warships with a total tonnage of nearly 900,000, vessels designed, building or built, and Great Britain would give up about 600,000 tons. The sacrifice of the government of Japan would fall under a half million tons. Thus we offer to go to a greater length than the two other nations are asked to go. We give up all notion of ever having the largest navy on earth. In detail, we allow Japan to have a certain advantage over us in the matter of battle cruisers.

It was this type of vessel which proved to be the most effective during the World war, if straightaway fighting is considered, and not the paralysis of merchant shipping.

It had been expected that any naval construction holiday agreed upon would have a life not to exceed five years.

It was conceded that a holiday of three years would represent a achievement for the cause of peace.

Secretary Hughes suggests 10 years. Should that be accepted and the conference do no more the conferees can go home in the knowledge and with the conviction that their work has been carried out magnificently.

Secretary Hughes has the support, of course, of the President and of the entire American delegation. One of these conferees is the Republican leader in the senate, another the Democratic leader.

Thus, at the beginning, assurance is virtually given that in case Great Britain and Japan assent to the program it can meet with no opposition in congress worth worrying over. The proposals illuminate the excellent co-ordination of President Harding's cabinet, as Secretary of the Navy Denby has been known as a "big navy" man.

Yet all the material information in the Hughes program must have been supplied by Secretary Denby.

Every particle of naval detail came from Denby's office. Mr. Harding's cabinet selections were never better justified than by this shining evidence of intelligent cooperation.

The straightforward, outspoken directness of "shirt-sleeve" diplomacy has in scarcely more than 24 hours won the admiration and loyal enthusiasm of this country We will be greatly mistaken and surprised if it has not won the heart of all the world.

France Secure—Now

While Europe seethes with unrest and little wars go on in Asia Minor and the Balkans, Marshal Foch, head of the French army, military genius that embodies the martial spirit of France, tours the United States quite at his ease. He is unworried about the storm clouds that hang over eastern Europe. He is not concerned for the safety of his beloved native land.

The reason for this serenity of spirit is not fully understood by many Americans. They do not realize what solid ground Foch has for being certain of the security of his country—now.

Not, it is true, in the future. The great French general would agree that to keep France safe, a quarter of a century hence is a task for statesmen, not for a soldier alone. He knows—none better—that there are ominous forces at work which involve the relative strength of France and her historic foe across the Rhine, in the years to come. Numbers are on the German side now. They will be more so after the next decade or two.

But that need not be considered during an American holiday. For the day, the month, the year, France is perfectly safe. Her army is so much the most powerful in Europe that it could overwhelm the combined forces of three or four other continental powers, Germany among them.

It is not merely that the French army with the colors is about eight times as large as the force Germany is allowed to maintain, but, still more, that France has everything in abundance that modern science and the tests of war have made essential features of military equipment. There are airplanes, tanks, armored motor cars, military balloons, machine guns and heavy and light artillery in profusion. Germany is nearly stripped of all these vital factors in modern warfare.

So Foch is untroubled, as a marshal of France by wars and rumors of wars. He knows that his own country's present position is absolutely secure, in the military sense, and he is well aware that the second army in Europe, in point of size if not in preparedness, belongs to Poland, fast friend of the French republic and ardent admirer of the French people.

Radical changes may be nearer than the shrewdest students of current events believe them to be, but at worst they are far enough away to leave the head of the French army altogether free for as long a stay in America as he can make. That is altogether to the liking of the people of this country whose soldiers would have died in much greater numbers, in the World war, if Foch had been less gifted than he is and less eminent as an organizer and creator of victory.

LaFollette and Mellon

Senator LaFollette demands the retirement of Secretary Mellon because of the secretary's alleged opposition toward "the taxation of wealth." Mr. Mellon has favored the repeal of the excess profits taxes—as the leading parties did last Fall—and the reduction of some of the income surtaxes—supported by most practical economists. The excess profits taxes have not profited the poor man by a penny. They have stopped the natural reinvestment of earnings which invariably means the increase of opportunities for everyone. The trouble with the higher surtaxes is that, to avoid their payment, rich men put their income into non-taxable securities and keep it out of industry. The government and the poor man are hurt in that. Senator LaFollette knows the facts as well as anyone. But he is hunting for the note of popularity and is testing the value of an assault on Secretary Mellon. He would attack religion if atheism had a following worth exploiting.

No Alliance Necessary

The Anglo-American alliance that is discussed in Britain as something more than a possibility is, in fact, an impracticable dream. It does violence to American tradition. It is distasteful to the American idea of independence. It suggests to Americans the intrigues, the secrecies, the everlasting play of an intricate diplomatic game—the distinguishing feature of European alliances.

Ambassador George Harvey does the right thing in informing the people of England that any effort to promote an alliance between this country and Britain—whether a formal understanding set down in writing or a compact after the manner of the British agreement with Japan—must prove altogether futile.

Yet Ambassador Harvey would voice the sentiments of America exactly if he assured the people of Great Britain that we in this country greatly desire more friendly relations with them, a more marked sympathy between the nations, a thoroughgoing and permanent good will.

For more than a century the United States and the Dominion of Canada have been upon such friendly terms that any idea of conflict between them is preposterous. The frontiers are unfortified. The war vessels on the Great Lakes, the boundary lines for a long stretch of border, are strictly limited in number and are jokes as warships. Trains cross the lines so that the traveler is scarcely aware as to the change from one country to another. Vessels trade between American and Canadian ports without delays, red-tape or any indication whatever of a jealousy and dislike common in European harbors. The political border line is less impressed upon anyone than was the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland in the days immediately after the revolution.

This is the sort of arrangement that is desirable between America and England. It is a practical, workable form of neighborliness, as effective as any alliance in serving a specified end and proof against many of the evils which frequently develop out of alliances. No mischief maker can make much headway against a simple habit of neighborliness. He can turn an alliance into enmity.

Immortal Adventure

The age of adventure past? Not yet. An army sergeant dived from an aeroplane that had climbed into the heavens just a little short of five miles. He fell 500 feet before his parachute opened. For 18 minutes he watched the earth come speeding toward him. And such was his confidence in his parachute and in his making a safe landing that he lit and smoked a cigaret—as defiant a figure as ever were the adventurers who of old faced death upon the sea, peril from pirates and hunger and thirst in hostile deserts. Adventure merely alters. It does not die. It beckons still to whatever youth is responsive.

A London physicist says "the amount of energy in an atom is some millions of times greater than that generated by any chemical action, such as the combustion of coal." That man probably has had an atom in his eye.

It is estimated by a profound student of the Bible that it took Noah 120 years to build the Ark. At that he might have done worse with the shipping board to help.

Fatty Arbuckle is to be supported if it can be done by assailing the character of the dead girl.

Somebody is forever trying to keep Mr. Gompers from yawning.

Mournful Throngs Pay Tribute at Bier of Hero Under Capitol Dome

A RIVER of humanity—American men, women and children—American by heritage, American by election, flowed all day last Thursday and far into the night past the bier of the unknown soldier under the great dome of the capitol, a place where only martyred presidents—Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley—have slept in death.

It flowed as the life-blood of the nation itself—a slow, but overwhelming torrent of human documents gathered to attest the valor of America's dead in France.

From early day until long after darkness had shrouded the city of Washington the great stream surged up the eastern front of the rotunda, four abreast up the granite stairway, in through the huge doorway to pass silently, reverently by the casket and its five guards, motionless as the statues of Lincoln and Grant at the far doorway.

Each hour saw thousands make the slow journey of honor to the dead. Each hour saw new thousands pouring up the wide driveways that circle the great building to replenish the living stream.

Great Men Mourn.

To one side of the throng that rolled ceaselessly by the flag-draped casket, a second unending ceremonial of honors for the dead went.

There great men gathered in Washington to deal with great affairs, came humbly to place their wreaths and roses at the bier.

There came comrades, limping from wounds that brought them down in France.

There came gray-haired veterans of old wars moved to do honor to the young stricken comrade of the last great struggle; there in ordered course came the ambassadors and the ministers and the special envoys of governments around the world.

There were formal services, always with the shuffling footsteps of the human river beyond merging with the prayers and the chants and the spoken tributes to the dead.

There were some, like those wounded boys from France, who stood awed and abashed at the solemn majesty that had come to this comrade.

They placed their wreaths in wordless praise, their wounds and the eyes of that great, endless living river beyond making them awkward; their crutches and canes tapping on the cold stones as they shuffled back into the obscurity they craved.

Came, too, black gowned women, many bowed and gray with age and sorrow and all wearing in pride the golden star that tells of a son who died over there.

They brought always with their flowers the great stars that bring to this unknown son of Liberty a message from those comrades whose names stand above all others in the roll of the nation's servants—the great scroll of those who, like him, died for the flag.

Body Arrives in State.

On Wednesday, a day of sodden skies and chilling rain, the body of the unknown hero, who went to a soldier's death for his country, reached the shores of that country waiting to honor him as no one was ever honored before.

The ceremonies were brief. They began when the far boom of saluting cannon down the river signalled the coming of the cruiser Olympia. The fog of rain hid her slow approach up the Potomac, but fort by fort, post by post, the guns took up the tale of honor for the dead as she passed.

Slowly the ship swung into her dock. Along her rails stood her crew in long lines of dark blue, rigid at attention and with a solemn expression uncommon to the young faces beneath the jaunty sailor hats.

Astern under the long, gray muzzle of a gun that echoed its way into history more than 20 years ago in Manila bay, lay the flag-draped casket.

Above a tented awning held off the dripping rain, the inner side of the canvas lined with great American flags to make a canopy for the sleeper below.

At attention stood five sailors and marines as guards of honor for the dead at each corner and the head of his bier.

Below on the cobbled stretch of the old dock at Washington Navy yard, a regiment of cavalry waited, sabers at "present" and the black-draped gun caison with its six black horses to carry the casket to the capitol. The troopers formed in line facing toward the ship as she swung broadside to her place and the gangway was lifted to her quarter deck. To their right a mounted band stilled its restless horses.

On the ship the trim files of her marine guard stood at attention. Rear Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler, to whom had fallen the duty of escorting this dead private soldier over the Atlantic from France, was garbed in the full formal naval dress, as were officers of his staff.

The marine guard filed down the gangway to face the troopers across the dock, the ship's band came down and formed beyond the marines.

On deck at the gangway head four side boys took their place on each side facing toward each other, the boatswain waiting behind them to pipe a dead comrade over the side with honors accorded only to full admirals of the fleet.

Cars bearing Secretaries Weeks and Denby, Assistant Secretary Wainwright, General Pershing, Major General Harbord, Admiral Coontz and Major General Lejeune, the marine commandant, and their aides rolled up. These highest of officers of the army and navy formed in line facing down the open space between the troops and marines.

On deck the bugles called attention. A group of petty officers stepped forward to raise the casket. Forward a gun crashed the first drumming roll of the minute guns of sorrow. The Olympia's band sounded the opening chords of Chopin's funeral march and to the slow half-step and carried high on the shoulders of his navy and marine corps comrades, the unknown was tenderly lifted down the steep pitch to the deck.

Admiral Chandler and his aides came behind, cocked hats off in the cold rain and held across their breasts. Below, the cabinet members also stood bareheaded in the rain, the army and navy officers at salute.

Just as the casket passed out through the rails, over side to the plank, the wail of the bo'sun's pipe sounded, shrilling the last salute of the sea to the dead. It sounded oddly against the background of the dirge and as the sound of the pipe died away, the gun forward barked again the pausing of another minute.

Step by step the bearers labored down the plank, sanded against the slippery mark of the rain, to the cobbled dock floor below. Again the pipe above wailed as they stepped ashore at last—and the unknown was again on American soil.

Slowly the flag-draped casket moved down between the line of troops and marines and under the eyes of the blue jackets stanuing rigidly at the ship's rails high above. As they came abreast of the ship's band, the dirge was stilled, a marine bugler sounded four flourishes of salute to a general officer.

Then the stirring, lifting strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" rang out to the gray sky—the nation's own hymn of freedom.

Again the slow march to the waiting gun carriage was taken up. It waited in a space between the second and third squadrons of the full strength of the Third cavalry from Fort Myer and beside it stood the eight body bearers of the army, headed by Sergeant Woodfill, hero of heroes among Americans who fought in France.

The soldiers took over the burden and then could be seen a withered handful of flowers, the only decoration on the flag-draped casket. They were the blooms with which this casket was chosen from others there in France before the long journey home began. Through it all they have lain there above the breast of the dead, yellowing with each passing day.

Thousands Honor Him.

As the casket was strapped in place, an order rang out and the cavalry band swung off to the left playing "Onward Christian Soldier." Behind them, sabers, cap brims and sodden colors dripping with rain, came the troopers, four abreast. Then the caisson, the following squadron, Secretary Weeks and Denby riding together in a closed car, General Pershing and Admiral Coontz, and behind these the other officers and officials.

The horses swung away at a slow trot. Ahead the winding road to the old gateway was lined on either side with marines at present arms, and behind them, row after row were packed the thousands of just plain American citizens who had braved cold and rain for hours to stand bareheaded as the body of this honored fellow countryman was carried by.

Out through the gateway the cortege clattered to find other crowds lining the way under the light of a fading autumn day. It moved quickly on through the streets ringing to the melody of the band and the drumming of the horses' shoes on the wet pavement.

On it went, to swing at last into the great plaza before the capitol, and there troopers again drew up in line, facing the building with sabers it "present" as the casket was lifted down and carried up the wide stairway to be placed on the catafaique in the dim rotunda.

The waiting guard stood at present arms as the casket was carried in and set in place on the high-black-draped structure on which the body of McKinley was last to repose in state.

There was a pause then until the ring of a command out on the plaza the flurry of drawn steel as the sabers of the cavalry leaped out again at present, announcing that President and Mrs. Harding had arrived.

As the President and Mrs. Harding came into the dim chamber, brilliant lights leaped up to make possible a picturing of the scene for all America to see. The camera clicked. There was no other sound. About the bier the guard stood with rifle butts grounded.

Mrs. Harding stepped forward, a wide, white ribbon in her hand. She had stitched it herself, and stepping up on the base of the catafaique she laid it across the casket, a slash of white across the rain-sodden flag with its withered cluster of French flowers.

As Mrs. Harding stepped down, the President took her place and to the ribbon pinned a silver shield of the United States, set with 48 golden stars.

It is symbolic of the heart of the nation that goes with this soldier to his tomb.

Then a great wreath of crimson roses was handed to Mr. Harding and he laid it softly on the casket near the head; and gave place to Vice-President Coolidge and Speaker Gillett, who moved forward together to lay the tribute of congress, a wreath of pink roses and snap-dragons, in place.

Chief Justice Taft moved forward from the opposite side, bearing the floral tribute of the supreme court, a wreath of chrysanthemums and carnations.

Secretary Weeks laid the army's token of remembrance, a wreath of white roses, against the casket at the head, and Secretary Denby placed the navy offering, chrysanthemums and roses, set on an easel, at the foot of the bier.

Over and to one side against the wall were placed the great masses of pink blossoms that were warmed to life by the sun of France to be carried all the long way on the Olympia.

Then General Pershing stepped forward to place his own tribute and that of the American expeditionary force on this unknown gallant comrade's coffin. It was a wreath of giant pink chrysanthemums, and, as he placed it, the officer paused a moment, then stepped back a pace or two, and drawing his figure to its full height, lifted his hand to cap brim in rigid salute to the dead.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF THE JURY ROOM.

ABE MARTIN

Albert Bentley, abscondin' cashier o' th' Alfalfa Bank, first attracted public notice by keepin' company with a girl that wuz not half good enough for him.

Prob'ly our school teachers don't git anything like what they earn, but they couldn' look any peachier on $75,000 a month.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

Showing Off

MY new green car was slick as grease, and yestere'en I took my neice, and neighbors three or five; and as we scorched along the ways I pulled off sundry fancy plays, to show how I could drive. I drove so close to other cars that divers fenders bore the scars of this unseemly strife; I swung 'round corners on two wheels, and laughed to scorn the tragic spiels of jays who dodged for life. But when a man acts like a boob, there always is some other rube who'll beat him at his game; a reckless skate ran into me, and now my person you may see all busted up and lame. My niece is nursing many wounds, and saying things like "Chee!" and "Zounds!" She even mutters "Pshaw!" The passengers who were my guests are planning for some dramatic tests in the abode of law. I sit here in a p'aster cast and now I know full well, at last, that "Safety First" is wise; there is no sense in fancy tricks, endangering the lives of hicks and skates and jakes and guys. There is no sense in running cars so they resemble shooting stars in their erratic course; there is no sense in pulling stunts while traffic cops, with martial fronts, denounce you till they're hoarse. And when I leave my couch of pain and once again propel my wain among the surging crowds, I'll be so cautious, men will say, "If everyone would drive that way, there'd be a slump in shrouds!"

Copyright by George Matthew Adams.

WAIT A MINUTE

BY HOWARD P. WARWICK

Uncle Henry says: "My wife is getting worried about the rheumatism in my right shoulder. She's afraid I won't be in shape to help her do her Christmas shopping."

Life's Discomforts.

Listening to a pest tell you how to vote.

If a man breaks a rib while playing football it's a trifling matter, but if he breaks one in a railroad accident it's an internal injury that can be cured only by large damages.

Beauty is only skin deep, but it's the skin that one looks at.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Mrs. Bradley Gordon says that since times are not very good she intends giving up one of her afternoon card clubs. Bradley is rejoicing inwardly because he'll only have to get his own supper five nights a week now.

Fashion's slave is the flapper who bundles herself up in a fur coat on a warm day and tries hard not to look miserable.

We can't be right all the time, but we can at least try to be right part of the time.

JIMMY'S ESSAYS

Sope.

Yu may think sope izza funny thing to rite about but it iznt funny to a small boy like me. Iff it waznt no what mamma wood doo without sope. She iz always getting it out to wash my fase. Whenn I gett up in the morning the furst thing I see iz sope. Thenn it iz sope awl morning, sope awl afternoon and sope befor I go to bedd. The ownly time I don't see sope iz when I am in skool.

Mamma sez if it waznt for sope I wood look funny but the trooth iz if I ever saw her without sope in her hand wating for me she wood look funny. Sumwun sed they dont have no sope in Russia so I gess I wood like to go there and liv. Mamma sez evvriboddy yuses sope and she must be rite becawze the prise of it nevver goes down. As for me I like awl day sukkers beter than sope.—Jimmy.

UNCLE HENRY'S EPISTLES.

To Mr. Turkey Gobbler,
Any Barnyard.

Dear Sir:—I am writing this letter of farewell, Mr. Turkey Gobbler, because I feel sorry for you on account of the fast approaching end of your life. In a way you have something on men. You were born a turkey and you will die a turkey while many a fellow is born a man and dies a politician. If this letter lacks sympathy don't blame me for I never suffered from anything attracting sympathy other than acute attacks of grouchiness. In those cases my wife, having to live with me, received all the sympathy.

Like Marie Antoinette you are headed for the ax, but he who laughs last laughs best, and maybe your spirit, if any, will do the laughing. We poor humans smile now because of your hard luck in being a turkey instead of a dog—which is uneatable if called dog—and smack our lips in anticipation, but maybe your spirit will do some grinning when those who partake of your corpse begin to show symptoms of indigestion.

The Pilgrims started this Thanksgiving business by going out and shooting savage turkeys, cooking and stowing them away in their stomachs. The butchers later thought it would be a good plan to kill civilized turkeys and sell them at enormous profits. The result was the butchers succeeded in making money and the eaters succeeded in getting stomach trouble.

Turkeys are always scarce at this time of the year. They begin to get that way every September and get scarcer and scarcer as the days roll by. A week before Thanksgiving the news is given to the hungry public that there are no turkeys and that bologna, breakfast food or something else will have to serve as a substitute. But when the anxious buyer goes to market with a sheaf of Liberty bonds in his hands to buy a turkey he always manages to find one. It costs its weight in radium but it's turkey.

You're a fine bird, Mr. Gobbler, but I do wish that someone would tell me when it's time to stop eating you. I eat and eat until I can eat no more and then I suffer and suffer until I think I can suffer no more. I never buy a turkey until the last minute because I believe in giving each of my friends a chance to buy one first and invite me to dinner. I like to eat the drumsticks but I don't like to buy them. As yet I have never bought a turkey and never will if I can help it. It is not because of sympathy for you turkeys, but because I sympathize with my pocketbook.

Well goodbye, proud old Mr. Gobbler. You looke nice now but you will look much nicer all crisp and brown, lying in the center of the table with dressing bulging from every crevice and an eager and hungry assemblage with watering mouths admiring your beauty. You enjoyed many days of gobbling but on Thanksgiving day the families who poured their gold into the butchers' cash registers, will do the gobbling although they realize that they will live to regret it several hours afterward.

Your hungry admirer,
Uncle Henry.

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Homesick

The doctor looked me over. "There is nothing wrong," said he;
"You haven't any fever and you're sound as sound can be."
"But I'm not myself," I answered. "Oh, there must be something wrong!"
"Then tell me," said the doctor, "to what town do you belong?"

"Oh, I am from Detroit, from Detroit Michigan,
It's there my boy is waiting, there I'm going when I can.
And it's there that Buddy's mother keeps a little home for me,
And it's there are many people I am hungering to see."

"So you are from Detroit," said the doctor, seeming bored;
"The town of automobiles and the town of Henry Ford.
I was there myself last Summer with some friends a little while—
I'll bet this very minute that you'd like to see Belle Isle."

"Then tell me, Doctor, tell me, what you think about my case."
And he answered "It is simple, I can read it in your face.
But I have no pills to cure you, for it's only this that's wrong—
There's a thousand miles between you and the town where you belong."

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VARIETIES

A stainless steel has been invented in England.

The surface soil of Florida is rich in phosphates.

Alfred the Great built England's first fleet in 878.

Mohammedanism has no form of excommunication.

Chicago claims to be the greatest railroad center in the world.

Illinois produced more than 13,000,000 barrels of petroleum last year.

Seven international labor unions have their headquarters in Cincinnati.

Inventions have just been perfected which visualize the sound of human speech.

Smoking was introduced into Scotland as an antidote for rheumatism and ague.

All the rosin made in the United States is produced in the eight southeastern states.

One pound of oil, used in ship's furnaces, has the same heating effect as 10 pounds of coal.

At birth the pulse of a normal individual beats 186 times a minute, at the age of 30, 70 times.

The Japanese mercantile marine now ranks third among the commercial fleets of the world.

The Chinese and Japanese in their fables regard the Milky Way as a stream containing silvery fishes.

The metropolitan water system of London has 6,488 miles of pipes and supplies an area of 538 square miles.

A gooseberry bush, 20 feet high, believed to be the largest in England, is growing at Hounslow, Middlesex.

The recent census figures show that seven out of every 10 centenarians in the British isles are women.

New motion picture theaters have opened in Berlin during the last two years at the rate of one every two weeks.

The moon is running away from its calculated place in the sky, for some unknown reason, according to astronomers.

Superstitious railroad men regard it as an unlucky omen if a cripple happens to be the first person to board the train.

In the 14th century gowns were common to both sexes. Gowns were still worn by men until the end of the 16th century.

The Antarctic region abounds in minerals, oil and furs, according to D. Cope, head of the British Antarctic expedition.

Italy will require 48,501,200 pounds of wool during the present year, according to estimates made by the government.

The laundry bills for Buckingham palace and other residences of their British majesties total more than $55,000 a year.

Exports of the countries bordering on the Caribbean sea and the gulf of Mexico exceeded $1,000,000,000 in value in 1920.

The region of Fukien was at one time called the Min province, after a species of snake known to the Chinese as the Min snake.

Flying squirrels depend on gravity for their momentum and they cannot rise to as high a point as that from which they drop.

The official head of a syndicate operating a group of large hotels in New York city began his career as a bellboy in one of them.

A full-grown black ostrich is seven feet high and easily carries on its back, with the speed of a horse, a man of average size.

A rubber envelope impervious to shocks or chemical reaction has been devised as an added precaution in transporting nitroglycerin.

English scientists have found that glass can be permanently tinted by immersion in the hot mineral waters of Bath, long famous as a health resort.

November has the reputation of being a fatal month to singers and musicians. Jenny Lind, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein and many others died in November.

A 1,200-horsepower biplane recently completed contains a complete bathroom, fitted with shower bath, washstand and towels, mirror and lavatory.

Motorists traveling from Yokohama to Kobe must ship heavy machines by rail, as the weak bridges or the country roads will not bear heavy weights.

With a view of reducing her weight, a young woman of Uniontown, Pa., hiked up a three-mile mountain road every morning—and gained 30 pounds.

For some years ultra-violet rays have been used for sterilizing water, milk and other fluids. The idea has now been applied to the disinfecting of barrels and casks.

Burglars will meet with a startling reception from a new "alarm," which explodes a blank cartridge, switches on electric lights and sets bells ringing all over the house.

A Canadian agriculturist has invented a system by which the queen bees are developed in a cage to insure that they shall not get away from the control of the grower.

When a princess of the British royal family stands as royal godmother to a child, it is etiquette that she should make a present to the nurse, usually a five-pound note.

Queen Victoria, it is said, preferred thin blotting paper, so that she could tear it up after using it because she was afraid some one might want the imprint of her signature.

The Peruvian government has ordered all national and foreign banks operating in the republic to maintain their capital and all deposits in their vaults in Peruvian investments or loans.

In a recent cattle show in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, a bull was exhibited which was said to be the largest in the world. It is seven years old, six feet and a half high and weighs 3,700 pounds.

Porcelain, a material generally distinguished from ordinary earthenware by its hardness, whiteness and translucency, was invented, in the course of a slow process of evolution, by the Chinese.

The United States navy has made arrangements to provide its battleships with iron umbrella tops for use in deflecting bombs which might be frequently dropped down the funnel by enemy planes.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

AID GIVEN WOMEN

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

T[illegible] was a time when Miss [illegible] was so hard up that she did not know where her [illegible]sine was coming from. [illegible] became an expense burdensome—one by one dismissed but the extraction done slowly was painless and scarcely noticed until the day when the sedate Miss [illegible] to help with the work or the cultural atmosphere spread its invisible essence throughout her dwelling.

The dwelling was also relegated the memories of the afternoon's fear, with its terrible overwhelming force, seized her timid heartstrings and wrung out the tune over and over, What Shall I Do? Unless you have ever lost wealth, you cannot appreciate the horrible chasm which opens before the woman who suddenly finds herself face to face with the need of support and unprepared-ness.

Whether why, had she never learned anything but the gentle art she could sing with sweetness and play with considerable feeling. She could paint a passable cluster of Dresden flowers exactly as she had been taught in her finishing school. She had been taught how to sew the daintiest seam of any girl in school, but what good were such talents when life brushed her up against the world of workers?

Nothing short of terror seized her when she thought of the busy offices she had chanced to visit. Merely watching the clocklike precision of the workers tired her. She could not imagine being a part of it. Even if she did fight to overcome that feeling what could she do in an office? It was the same old story each time.

When one has been accustomed to riches poverty clutches with an unmerciful grip. It isn't so bad if nothing better than playing the game with the wolf at the door has offered itself in a lifetime. Pride then has never had a chance to encompass feelings which are sensitive to the glare of real life.

For such as these the Woman's Exchange was established. Years ago when Civil war times stripped some wealthy families of their worldly goods it was this institution that helped the women to help themselves without revealing their identity to anyone outside the board of women who conducted the work. Many exchanges have grown over the country since then and they have the name of being the most fashionable of the shops which sell the handiwork of women. Any self-supporting woman can enter her work if its quality measures up to a reasonable standard. If clever with the needle or expert in culinary art she is able to find a profitable market for their work in this way.

Many times before her financial trouble, Miss Foster had visited the exchange in her own home town as a customer. She had tripped from her limousine to the entrance in such a way as to receive courteous deference from the doorman. The atmosphere of cheerful daintiness always gave her a comfortable feeling of satisfaction. Many a nosegay or clever little bit of silk and lace had she paid a pretty price for, stilling her conscience for her extravagance with the thought that she was being philanthropic. Little did she realize that some day this would come home to her—that she would enter with her own work under her arm. Nor would she have thought that she could do it without a shudder either, so one-sided had her life been.

She had to be driven to it before she could get enough courage to take the first step. Her first view of the workroom where materials were being measured, where designers were busily planning new models for the consignors to copy, was a revelation to her. It dawned on her slowly that the working part of an establishment was by far the most interesting part of it. It came almost as a shock to her that working people were happy.

Miss Foster sewed feverishly, falling into the spirit of creating pretty things which were to adorn the homes of people whose exquisite taste and altruistic motives sent them a-shopping in this direction.

Her first check fired her ambition success meant something to her at last. She strived for originality and perfection. She became happier than she had ever been in her life. For the first time she saw people as they are. Her curiosity was piqued as to how others were solving their various problems. Her interest was directed toward the mother who needs to work but who cannot leave home, to the old lady who must have something to do, to wives of men who are out of work, to crippled children and shut-ins, many of whom were happy as larks after partaking of the benefits offered by a Woman's Exchange.

Our Correspondents

One of our Merry-Go-Rounders gets the spirit of the letters which tells how things are made and asks if some cousin will write about talcum powder. This new series promises to be as interesting as any topic we have ever had so put on your thinking caps, ask something and see which cousin will be the first to send in an instructive letter describing the process of making some well known article.

Miss Minnie Copper, 77 Main St., Greenville, Pa., believes that "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself John," and writes her own request for a card and letter shower. She has been shut in for two years and she is getting tired and lonely and she would love to hear from the members of "your club." Miss Copper, being one of us, might have said "our club" for we are not going to let any reader remain tired and lonely if we can help it, and just because she is shut in is no excuse for standing around on the outside, so make her feel at home, cousins, with a cheery word in her card and letter shower.

We are sorry that we cannot publish Her Beautiful Hands by James Whitcomb Riley. It is one of the numberous poems which we cannot use because it is copyrighted.

If W. E. R. of Los Angeles, Cal., will write to Mary R. Denison, Moatsville, W. Va., R. 1, in regard to the book of Nasby's Letters, he may be rewarded for Mrs. Denison received the book as a premium with the Toledo Blade 40 years ago, so she explains that though the book is not new by any means, it is all there.

Mixing With Martha

Baked Cabbage

One small head of cabbage, cooked until tender; drain and spread one-half in the bottom of a bake dish. Over this slice thin pieces of cheese and on this pour one-half of the dressing made as follows: One pint of sweet milk or less, according to amount wanted to cover cabbage, season with butter, salt and pepper. Add a little flour for thickening. Put it on the stove and let it come to a boil. Put on the rest of the cabbage and slice on more cheese, after which pour over the remainder of the dressing. Bake.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes

Bake medium sized potatoes until thoroughly cooked. Cut in half. Remove the inside without breaking the skin. Mash potato, adding a generous amount of butter; season with salt and pepper. Moisten with cream instead of milk. Fill skins with the mashed potato, placing a bit of butter on top and a dash of paprika. Heat again before serving.

Art in the Home

Painted Weeds.

There really is nothing ugly in nature, but sometimes it takes a change in one's point of view to find beauty in something which has hitherto been discarded as useless and unattractive. Weeds for instance.

In the Fall when flurrying winds have blown all the blossoms away there remains along the roadside the scraggly topped weeds on their leafless stems. Dry and colorless, dusty and uninteresting, cluttersome and good for nothing or at least that used to be the general impression people had about weeds.

Somebody came along who could see beauty in an Autumn ditch. He discovered the gracefulness of the milkweed pod admired the bristling strength of the teasel, he saw the feathery head of the tall grass, the bulgy composition of the poppy

pod and in his imagination the tenuous stems supporting the odd-shaped tops became more than mere weeds and he thought of a way to decorate them in such a manner as to make them ornamental for indoors all through the Winter.

Simple, too: just paint the weeds with bright colored enamels. Paint the outside of the milkweed a dark and lustrous blue, make the inside pale blue or dull cream place a great bunch of these artistically in an appropriate piece of pottery and observe the satisfying decorative effect in your living room. Touch up the poppy pod with a bit of gilt or silver, streak it with lavender or purple, mix a few of these with some grasses dipped in bright green enamel and a stiff teasel or two dipped in vermillion or orange and there you have a bouquet bright enough for the darkest corner, artistic enough to hold the attention of any art lover and unique enough to emphasize your personality in your home.

"Grand Old Woman" From Nippon Journeys Far With Plan for Peace

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

"You are a dear, sweet [illegible]. I have reverence for anyone so old who still keeps the spirit of youth," President Harding thus greeted Madame Kajt Yajima, the "grand old woman" of Japan, when she called at the White House to present a peace petition signed by 10,000 Japanese women.

The wish of thousands of hearts inspired the journey of Mme. Yajima who has ventured far from her land of wistaria and cherry blossoms on a mission of peace. It is the earnest desire of these women to end all wars and they have entrusted their message to this little old lady who is nearing her 90th year.

Mme. Yajima was born in Kumamoto-ken, entered the Teacher's Training Institute in her 28th year, later founded the W. C. T. U of Japan, also a Crittenton home and has devoted recent years to social work of girls.

The peace petition which she brought to America is written on rice paper and is 100 yards long. It was read at the opening of the arms conference on Nov. 12.

This photo shows Mme. Yajima (seated) and her secretary, Miss Morinja, holding the petition.

Short and Sweet

Groundhog, whose birthday comes Feb. 2, gives us a graphic description of a schoolma'm riding to school in W. Va. It makes you wish that you could take the ride with her every morning. She mounts her horse and is on her way. The first unpleasant tinge of the frosty morning air is soon forgotten as she rides along looking at the river over which rises a vapor as it wends its way down the valley. Large cliffs on either side have many trees on their summit which show autumn tints. Here and there is an evergreen. In the distance are mountains dotted with many colors. The bell tower of the school house comes in view before horse and rider make the turn in the road. Drawing nearer teacher sees her little flock coming to school—some all ready have started a game on the basketball court, which she longs to join. A pleasant enthusiastic good morning all around and she bids us adieu as she goes into her room to take up the duties of the day.

Just a School Girl of Kentucky sends us a word picture of her home at this time of year. The country there is somewhat rough but not mountainous. Nearby are large cornfields and in the distance forests dressed in red gold and brown for Autumn, Chestnut, hickorynut and walnut trees in the forest supply an abundance of nuts for Winter. Hunting for quail, rabbits and squirrels is good. Her whole letter is so full of that woodsy feeling that you can feel the atmosphere and wish more than ever for a pair of wings to fly from one cousin's home to another. Just a School Girl is sure nobody laughed more at King Philip's letter than she did and she wishes that he would write again.

"Three cheers for one of the greatest presidents this country has ever known—Theodore Roosevelt writes our enthusiastic cousin James M. Smith. "Boys," he adds, "if you are thinking of someone to measure up to, think of him. He never sat on his horse in the rear of his men when he was Colonel Roosevelt, a some officers do nowadays. He was a real president—a soldier." James also asks the cousin who wrote the letter without signing his name to write again and give a suggestion for getting the people back in the church. He sends a message to Tom, who, he is sure, is doing splendid work. He doesn't want to see Canada getting ahead of Indiana. He saves the rest of his message for next time for he sees Black Roderick Dhu coming, and being a cowlander, he things it best to go.

Babs from W. Va. says "Isn't The Blade the best paper ever and don't we have the best aunt and cousins and again don't they write the best letters? No, I am not a flatterer." Babs is in for exchanging flower seeds so she wants you to come along and tell what kind you have. She has pretty-by-nights, all colors, morning glory, zennia and nasturium seeds which she will exchange for different kinds. She challenges the boys and girls from Colorado. "Beat us writing if you can!"

After failing to get in one of the boys disguised himself as a bumble bee and came buz-z-z-ing right past Mr. W. B. He thinks automobiles are responsible for the lack in church attendance, but he does not want to say too much because he likes to spin around in them himself.

Mary Violet agrees with Tom, too, about the church and Sunday school in the country having a poor attendance. Their class started off fine, but in two or three months the attendance became so small that they were obliged to discontinue the meetings.

There were ever so many more answers to the letter which was not signed because the writer was afraid of being roasted so watch for more opinions next week.

Michigan Farm Girl gives a good reason why the Michiganders are too busy to write just now. She says we would understand if we could see the hundreds and thousands of tons of sugar beets that are being pulled, topped and hauled to the stations in that part of the country. She enjoys horseback riding, and chicken raising is her hobby. She has started the ball rolling in spite of the sugar beets so come on, Michigan cousins!

Snatches From W. B.

Please tell The Blade cousins that Country Jacob Lyon of Naples, N. Y., can't exchange snapshots for he has no camera, but he has a pen and ink and likes to write. Twin? I was 32 Sept. 27, 1921.—C. J. L.

I have found my twin way out in Michigan, thanks to the Household page.—Vermont Greenhorn.

Well, cousins, I see so many of you are finding your twins, but seems as though I cannot have any luck. I am going to try once more, anyway. I was 18 April 14.—Newt of Pumpkin Ridge.

I live in the Blue River Valley near Wyandotte Cave. You would never regret a visit here. I will come again with its description—that is, I will try. I am a lover of the outdoors. My favorite pastime is reading.—Wyandotte Indian.

How many of our cousins were interested in voting? Our country needs the votes of many women to help make the country better. Contemplator, I enjoyed your letters so much. Are you a boy or a girl?—Grouchy Sal.

"I'm the kid you are looking for," says Snappy, who noticed in Snatches that Lonesome from Independence would like to hear from someone 17, on Feb. 7. If any of the cousins would like to hear from Lonesome just drop a few lines to Miss Stella Phipps, Independence, Va., Box 23.

Ethel Houston, I agree with you on the subject of school. A follower of Christ, I echo your sentiments regarding mothers. — Freckles, Nanty-Glo, Pa.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

POETS' CORNER

The Church Walking With the World

The church and the world walked far apart
On the changing shores of time.
The world was singing a giddy song
And the church a hymn sublime.
"Come, give me your hand," cried the merry world,
"And walk with me this way."
But the good church hid her snowy hand
And solemnly answered "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way of endless death,
Your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the world, with a kindy air.
"The road I walk is a beautiful road
And the sunshine always there.
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
And mine is broad and plain;
My road is paved with flowers and gems,
And yours with tears and pain.
The sky above you is always dark,
Your lot is a lot of woe;
My path, you see, is a broad, fair path
And my gate is high and wide.
There is room enough for you and for me
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the church approached the world
And gave him her hand of snow;
The old world grasped it and walked along,
Saying in accents low:
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste,
I will give you pearls to wear;
Rich jewels and silks for your graceful form
And diamonds to deck your hair."
The church looked down at her plain, white robe
And then at the dazzling world,
And blushed as she saw his hand some lip with a smile contemptous curled.
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the church, with a smile of grace.
Then [illegible] garments drifted away
And the world gave in their place
Beautiful satins and shining silks
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell,
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old world,
"I'll build you one like mine;
Carpets of brussels and curtains of lace
And furniture ever so fine."
So he built her a costly and beautiful home;
Splendid it was to behold,
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there,
Gleaming in purple and gold.
And fairs and shows in the halls were held,
And the world and his children were there,
And laughter and music and feasts were held
In the place that was meant for prayer.
She had cushioned pews for the rich and the great
To sit in their pomp and pride,
While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits,
Sat meekly down outside.

The angel of mercy flew over the church
And whispered "I know thy sin."
The church looked back with a sigh and longed
To gather her children in;
But some were off in the midnight ball
And some were off at the play,
And some were drinking in gay saloons,
So she quietly went her way.
The sly world gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm—
Merely indulging in innocent play."
So she leaned on his proffered arm,
And smiled and chatted and gathered flowers
As she walked along with the world
While millions and millions of deathless souls
To the horrible pit were hurled.

"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay old world with a sneer.
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales
Which I like not for them to hear.
They talk of brimstone and fire and pain
And the horrors of endless night;
They talk of a place that should not be
Mentioned to ears polite.
I will send some of the better stamp,
Brilliant and gay and fast,
Who will tell you that people may live as they list
And go to heaven at last.
The Father is merciful and great and good,
Tender and true and kind,
Do you think He would take one child to heaven
And leave all the rest behind?"
So he filled all her houses with gay divines,
Gifted and great and learned,
And the plain old men who preached the Cross
Were out of the pulpit turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the world,
"Far more than you ought to do.
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?
Go take your money and buy rich robes
And horses and carriages fine,
And pearls and jewels and dainty food
And the rarest and costliest wines.
My children they dote on all such things
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."
The church held tightly the strings of her purse
And gracefully lowered her head,
And whispered "I've given too much away,
I'll do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door in scorn
And she heard not the orphan's cry,
And she drew her beautiful robes aside
As the widows went weeping by.
The sons of the world and the sons of the church
Walked closely hand in heart,
And only the Master who knoweth all
Could tell the two apart.
Then the church sat down at her ease and said:
"I am rich and in goods increased,
I have need of nothing and naught to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."
The sly world heard her and laughed in his sleeve
And mockingly said aside,
"The church has fallen—the beautiful church,
And her shame is her boast and pride."

The angel drew near to the mercy seat
And whispered in sighs her name,
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed
And covered their heads with shame.
And a voice came down through the hush of heaven
From Him who sat on the throne,
"I know thy work and how thou hast said
'I am rich,' and hast not known
That thou are naked and poor and blind
And wretched before my face,
Therefore from my presence I cast thee out
And blot thy name from its place."

The Charge of the Light Brigade

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade.
Charge for the guns," he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade,
Was there a man dismay'd,
Not tho the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke,
Cossack and Russian;
Reel'd from the sabre stroke,
Shattered and sunder'd,
Then they rode back but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volley'd and thunder'd,
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the Jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade,
Oh the wild charge they made,
All the world wondered,
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred.

Cards and Letters

The following boys and girls would like to correspond: Carl Cain, Rodney Campbell and Clarence Cain, Sandyville, W. Va., R. 1; Ralph Caltuder, Leroy, W. Va.; Irene L. McCray, Ruth Ferrell, Ralph Ferrell, Rex Ferrell, Hugh Ferrell, Jack McCray, Ulna McCray, Cleveland, W. Va.; Dyer Sergeant, Gale Hamrick, Fred Frey, Mick Farris, South Charleston, W. Va.; Helen Werrick, Bertha Clark and Margaret Gooman, South Charleston, W. Va.; Homer Freed, Coda, Tyoca, Doll and Dessel Morrison, Eva Richards, Benny Dye, Theadosia Shimer, Blaine Snider, Ted Shiner, Louisa and Velma Fox, Murl Snider, Florence Cain, Freed, W. Va.; Lewis Ferrell; Lona Roger, Maxine Busch, Ruth Rader, Charlie and John Rogers and Russell Ferrell, Big Bend, W. Va.; Miriam Boswell, Given, W. Va.; Hazel Mercer, Morgantown, W. Va., R. F. D. 1; Madge G. Knotts and Ora G. Elsman, Minnora, W. Va.; Lucille Aharrah, Strattonville, Pa.; Ralph Heater, Tiona, Pa.; Anna Himes, Hallton, Pa.; Faye Zimmerman, Hallton, Pa.; Bessie Law, Alice Sears, Maysville, W. Va.; Clairbell Short, Marie Keener, Gassaway, W. Va., Box, 19; Stanley Martin, Avery Bush, Bill Uger, St. Revere, W. Va.; Delia Bates, Matilda Miller, Edith Ferguson, Lewis McNaff, Frank Bates, Athens, Tenn., R. 5.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Do not be troub'ed because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where He made one tree.
—Henry Ward Beecher.

ENFORCE PROHIBITION

Say folks, I must tell you, I called on Aunt Martha the other week and found her so pleasant and agreeable that I was well paid. Her way scares the blues away, why should we not smile and drive dull care away?

In 1864 at Lockport, N. Y., it was proposed to give volunteer soldiers a bounty of a few hundred dollars but the croakers proposed $1,000, thought that way to kill the whole thing, but the people took it up and passed it, so the men who fought to preserve the Union received a bonus of $1,300 altogether. The Union was saved and is the admiration of the world. Those times were hard on people. If I mistake not, greenbacks went down to 40 cents on the dollar if not more. We had shin-plasters—five, 10, 25 and 50-cent paper money, even used postage stamps for change, also metal pieces. Carrying merchant advertisements were passed as pennies. But the Union is united.

Did not the South do their share to pass prohibition? I have often looked at the hills in W. Va., across the Ohio river and wished to climb them. We are proud of W. Va. people who fought for prohibition. May they fight medicine beer as their forefathers did the disruption of the Union. Let us all fight medicine liquor. I had a chance some years ago to see what brewers put in their beer. If the people knew they would not touch it. A good doctor once said, "There is a substitute that is harmless for medicine in every case." How many drunkards started their career by taking medicine liquor?

Old friends, do you remember how many years The Blade pounded away to pulverize the rum power? Three cheers for The Blade and prohibition enforcement.—H. C. D.

"LAND OF FLOWERS."

Florida! What a flood of pleasant recollections the name brings to our mind, after a vacation spent under friendly southern skies, away from the busy, bustling energy of the North, the hurly-burly and soul destroying strife of the city, out into the sweet peace and quiet of a country teeming with all the beauty and fragrance of a land clothed in sunshine, and the dense flowering foliage of the semi-tropics.

We chose Leesburg for our stopping place. This pretty, dreamy little town is built on a narrow peninsula separating Lake Harris and Griffin, whose shores are lined long distances with fine profitable orange groves.

The beautiful walks and drives of white sand which surround the village, are redolent with the perfume of orange blossoms, jasmine and rose. Flowers bloom everywhere, great masses of Spanish moss hang from every tree, making the wooded hammocks with their dense tropical undergrowth look wild and wierd. It makes an ideal home for bear, deer and turkey, and other smaller game that make up the wild life of the country.

As we look out in the more open country we see the cabbage palmetto rearing its stately head far in the air, struggling to outstrip in height its companion, the long leafed yellow pine of the South. Then there are all the various fruits to enjoy, oranges, bananas, pineapples, guavas, Japan persimmons tangerines, mandrians grapefruit, figs and many other fruits of which the stay at home northerner never saw.

Most of the tillable land is planted in fruits, excepting some of the hammock and that lying near the lakes which is used for trucking.

The large clear water lakes of Harris and Griffin afford good boating and excellent sport for the devotees of the rod and gun, there being fish aplenty and large numbers of ducks.

The climate here is influenced by the gulf stream, making the vegetation much more tropical than it would be otherwise; the Atlantic and the Gulf keeps the air impregnated with salt, and the breeze blowing from one to the other through the pines of the interior imparts to the air an invigorating tone which makes this region as perfect a sanitarium as could be devised.

I know of no better place in the land of Dixie where one can find a more ideal place for a quiet delightful sojourn. A place in which to reorganize one's very life and begin it anew under serene and rectifying conditions. It renews hope, restores the wasted tissues and re-establishes within us the elements of success.

Thus did we spend our vacation which ended all too soon. Now back in the busy metropolis of Ohio we are thinking regretfully yet fondly of the "Land of Flowers."

GADABOUT.

WHEN DUTY CALLED.

Will you accept this little story of Roosevelt from my pen? I read it in some magazine several years ago. One stormy night when Theodore Roosevelt was commissioner of police in New York city, he missed two police from their beats and found them in a saloon whiling away their time and taking refreshments. After waiting 10 minutes and seeing that they showed no signs of going back to their posts he stepped up to them and said, "Is this what you call 'tending to one's duty'?"

"Aw, go on, who are you?" was their answer. "I am Commissioner of Police Roosevelt. Please call at my office tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock." They tried to apologize but he took no apology. They were dismissed.

How many of you knew that Roosevelt was ever head of the police in New York city? I see your hands do not all go up. This was one of the first places where Roosevelt's strong character was shown. Where duty called he was present and fearless.—Iowa Boy.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A purple haze lies on the distant hill,
And fallow fields an alien beauty wear;
There seems mysterious promise in the air
Which passing Summer lingers to fulfill.
—Myrtle Reed.

AMBITION TO TRAVEL

I will try again to open the door with a certain little fountain pen. How many of the cousins like to ride horseback, drive a car and do I dare mention ride in an airplane? I have just lived on a farm a year and I wonder if there is a more worthy job than that of tilling the land of Mother Earth.

Hello, Miles of Smiles, you are certainly some Frenchy. I used to take French in school, but I prefer Latin (there I go again). Araby M., you are quite universal in your tastes especially in literature. I like to read Shakespeare and find Scott a good companion. But my ambition—I had almost forgotten that—is to travel from "Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand." But first I want to get an education. So far I have seen only the Pacific's peaceful shore, the high peaks of the Olympics and Rockies, the Mississippi valley, Chicago and the low hills of the Cumberlands.—Wandering Gypsy.

OBSERVING AND AMBITION

I wonder if I have a twin. I was born on New Year's Day, 1905. Do any of you young boys and girls attend the teacher's institute? I went three days and received some useful advice for I expect to teach when I finish school. I am going to use every bit of it that I can. One lady spoke on hot lunches and made you feel that they were needed, so I intend to have them. I want to make a successful teacher for they are needed now more than any other time. With love and best wishes I am your new friend.—Josephine Johnson.

SPRING LETTER DEFIES FALL.

Will you steer me safely past Mr. W. B.? 'Cause you see I've come to ask you and all the cousins home with me. You say, "Where do you live?" Why, I live on a beautiful farm in the good old North state, where the meadows and fields are white with pretty daisies—where the birds and insects are warbling sweet songs and where the lofty pine and kingly oak cover the hills and mountains. Where the majestic mountains rise to meet the clouds, and I live right in a little valley where the mountains look the grandest. A narrow river winds its way through this vale like a silvery thread. The smell of freshly plowed earth makes one feel that God speaks through nature. Dear Auntie, if you will all come, I will do my best to make you glad so you will never regret your visit.—N. C. Arbutus.

WEARY'S VIEWS.

Hello, everybody! You were not expecting me so soon I know. Little Susie-Sit-in-the-Sun lives in Richwood, W. Va. Am I right? I enjoyed your letter very much, Susie, and wish you would write again.

I was glad you put me by Rhyme Stringer, for he surely drives my cares away. If he will take me horseback riding, I'll agree to change my name for a whole week. Contemplator expresses my views exactly. I agree with him on every subject so far. Now how many agree with me in this?

They say education is fine and it is, but if any of you taught school for a while you would find that a large per cent of the children simply are incapable of acquiring more than a fourth grade education because the defective minds of the parents have been inherited by their children. Folks should give a little more thought to the raising of children.

Trailing Arbutus, those tuneful winds you thought would cheer me would be all right if they didn't keep reminding me of what I'm missing.

That trip to the lumber camp will have to wait for just now I am too—Weary.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

'Lo, cousins, I just finished reading The Blade and while reading the Household page I decided to try my luck again. I have written before but always landed in Short and Sweet.

I agree with you, "Who can it be," on your idea of religion. Too many forget their religion six days out of the week. The problem of maintaining a large attendance at the country churches is a problem that is meeting almost every country church in America. Seemingly the people are pleasure mad and do not consider it recreation in any sense of the word to go to church on Sunday.

I have just read the book, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, and would like to see the song published by the same name.

I see in M. G. R. that someone has knocked one of old Mr. W. B.'s eyes out and here's hoping he gets the other one busted before this reaches him.—Buckeye Buster.

WITH BRUSH AND PEN.

All the letters are so interesting, and especially Country Jake's. You see someone else likes the big out-of-doors. I have a beautiful mental picture of your home, Country Jake. May I paint it in oil or do you prefer water colors? I am an artist and to me the rivers and mountains are wonderful. I will make a pen sketch of myself and then I must be going. I am five feet five inches tall, weigh 124 pounds, have light brown hair and blue eyes. As this is my first visit, will leave my card and skeedaddle. —Irish Blue Belle.

J. V. HITS SNAG.

I take my pen in hand to write a few lines. I have been studying the English language until I read it very well and I will do my most possible to be understood.

While studying American customs I have come unto a thing that I do not believe—the statement that we are all born equal and also the theory of democracy, is it not? There is no such thing as democracy in any country; someone else rules. Is it not so? We choose whether we shall be the educated or the unfit. Either way one is higher than the other. There are two classes, quality and equality. In all the earth this is found. N'est-ce pas? In America, the quality I find is mental development and money.

In Europe, they who have birth and family count. There is no such thing as democracy. The ones who are fit rule for it is necessary that they keep the power. I, for one, believe in family, for heredity is more strong than environment. Corn is always corn whatever its surrounding and although good seed from a good head predominate and the same way it is with a bad head, the majority is bad. I, for one, think that democracy is only a fine sounding word that has not some meaning. A person who does not know his greatgrandfather cannot be very much worried for fear he should disgrace his ancestors or one who knows that the fourth generation will never hear his name. What think the cousins concerning this? —Your true friend, J. V.

ANOTHER WOMAN ESCAPES

Mrs. McCumber Avoided a Serious Operation by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Georgetown, Ill.—"After my first baby was born I suffered so with my left side that I could not walk across the floor unless I was all humped over, holding to my side. I doctored with several doctors but found no relief and they said I would have to have an operation. My mother insisted on my taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I soon found relief. Now I can do all my own work and it is the Vegetable Compound that has saved me from an operation. I cannot praise your medicine too highly and I tell all of my friends and neighbors what the Compound did for me."—Mrs. MARGARET McCUMBER, 27 S. Frazier St., Georgetown, Illinois.

Mrs. McCumber is one of the unnumbered thousands of housewives who struggle to keep about their daily tasks, while suffering from ailments peculiar to women with backache, sideaches, headaches, bearing-down pains and nervousness,—and every such woman should profit by her experience and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

Why The First Aid To Good Health Is Pure Blood

Waste Products in the Blood Cause Many Forms of Rheumatism, Skin Disorders, and a Lowered Vitality.

Many People Do Not Understand Nature's Warning

When you have that feeling of fatigue; when you lack the energy you need for the day's duties and pleasure; when you are troubled with pimples, blackheads, bad boils, sores or some other skin eruption; or when you have rheumatic pains in the muscles and joints, don't wait until you collapse in a state of nervous prostration, or until in your weakened condition you contract some serious disease, but start at once to get the waste products out of your blood.

Nature has certain peculiar ways to warn us. Fortunate, indeed, is the person who knows her danger signals.

Thousands and thousands of men and women during the past 50 years have relied on S. S. S. to clear their blood of waste products. S. S. S. will improve the quality of your blood by relieving you of the waste products which cause impoverished blood and its allied troubles—skin disorders, rheumatism and a lowered vitality.

The same qualities which give S. S. S. its beneficial effect in clearing your blood of waste products make is extremely desirable for *keeping* your blood in good condition.

S. S. S. may be had at any drug store. Write to Chief Medical Director, Swift Specific Co., 715 S. S. S. Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga., and let him help you regain your health and strength. Give him a full description of your case. He is helping people every day (without charge). Ask him to send you his illustrated booklet, "*Facts About the Blood*"—free. S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores. —Advertisement

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

FEED.NG EGG FACTORY— Winter Working Hens

Do you expect the old hen to work for her board or loaf on the job this Winter? What will you to encourage this egg factory to keep on producing eggs when eggs will be worth money? Do you know what to do to keep Mother Hen in good humor? She has a right to strike if she does not get a square deal. Treat her right and she will work overtime without extra wages.

Feed the old hen. Feed her the stuff that will make her cackle and tell the truth when she cackles. There is a way to feed a hen to make her lay in Winter time. Do you know how? Do you keep in touch with your College of Agriculture or experiment station or your county agent on these questions? The old hen will put money in your purse if you know the secret of keeping the hen in good humor this Winter.

Here is a message from Ohio State University that should reach every farm home. It is a story based on long experience and experiment. Read it and use it.

The following rations are recommended as meeting all the requirements for egg production:

No. 1—Scratch—200 lbs. shelled or cracked corn, 100 lbs. oats or wheat. Mash—100 lbs. cornmeal, 100 lbs. ground oats, 100 lbs. wheat middlings, 100 lbs. wheat bran, 100 lbs. meat scraps or tankage.

No. 2—Scratch—100 lbs. shelled or cracked corn, 100 lbs. wheat, 100 lbs. oats. Mash—200 lbs. cornmeal, 100 lbs. ground wheat, 100 lbs. ground oats, 100 lbs. meat scraps or tankage.

If four gallons milk per day is available for each 100 hens the meat scraps or tankage may be left out of the mash. No water should be given if milk is depended on for animal protein, as milk is 90 per cent water.

If only a limited amount of milk is available, the meat scraps or tankage may be reduced but not eliminated.

The question is often asked: "Is sour milk better than sweet?" In answering this question it can be said that the hens will consume more sour milk than sweet. The lactic acid in sour milk aids digestion and sour milk is more digestible than sweet. It is impossible to feed sweet milk and keep it from souring during hot weather, and it is not advisable to feed the product first sweet and then sour. Use wooden, porcelain, or glass containers. Galvanized containers cause zinc poisoning.

THE TOLL OF SPEED— Death and Damage by Auto

"Here rests the remains
Of Jehova Sap;
He drove his machine,
With a girl on his lap."

The auto's toll of death and damage goes madly on. We pay big penalty for madly speeding. The public highway is a death toll trail today. Sensible folks may drive with care and safe speed, but the smart aleck may wreck himself and others, by letting his speed mania run wild.

Auto drivers boast their power to beat the railway train from town to town. In a drive of 30 miles we noticed a dead cat, pig and chicken. The fast passing auto did the death dealing work.

The man with the big machine becomes almost brutal at times in his arrogance and road hog instincts. He owns the road and wants you to know it and fear him. He would cause a wreck and then invent some cheap excuse and say it was accident and that he is sorry. He is a liar. It was not an accident and he is not sorry at heart.

The time will come when the laws of self preservation will compel strict enforcement of sane and sensible laws to protect our highways and the folks who use them, from the insane driving of speed maniacs. Why not do it now.

We have just read of one young man being killed and another severely hurt by reckless driving. A smart young man was driving at unlawful speed on a city street, near a state university. He passed some young lady students. He wanted to show off. He turned his head. He also turned his wheel. His machine crashed across the sidewalk and hit two young men who were walking by. The smart aleck, who committed the murder escaped, with little damage to himself. He ought to go to jail for the rest of his life.

Farm folks, in some communities, hardly feel that they have a right on the road. The high powered city machines go racing by, with little regard for life or property. Why not begin to teach severe lessons to those fools who insist on being auto fools?

LOWER FREIGHT RATES— Ohio Is on Right Track

Ohio state utilities commission has ordered a freight rate reduction of 28½ per cent on agriculture limestone for use on farm and fields. The Ohio State farm bureau and the Ohio college of agriculture prepared the case and presented the arguments to the state commission, showing the outrageous and unjust rates on agstone.

Every state ought to do the same thing, lower the rates. Ohio is likely to reduce rates on many other commodities. Some weeks ago rates on road building materials were reduced 28½ per cent. Just why railroads have to be forced to do the reasonable things they ought to do is beyond understanding. They are reducing wages and they ought to reduce rates. The common people have given up hope of ever getting any relief from the interstate commerce commission at Washington. It seems to be for the sole purpose of tormenting the public.

YOUR NEXT TAX RECEIPT— Its Length, Breadth, Thickness

When you buy your next tax receipt, see if you can measure its length, breadth and thickness. Invoice it. Put it under a very strong magnifying glass. Look at it closely and see if you can discover who fixed the size of it.

The man inside the tax window taking money did not decide what sum you must pay. You, who are on the outside of that window, paying in, did not fix the size of that tax receipt. Who did fix it?

Look closely into your magnifying glass. You will see township trustees, town councils, town and township school boards, county commissioners, the state legislature and some special taxing officials at work tinkering with the tax rates and tax values.

Look again. Why do they fix these rates as high as they do? Why do they keep making your tax receipt a little bigger all the time? Look again. You will see the fat road hogs and the lean taxpayer in a battle. The road hog is smart. He gets the best of the game. He puts bait before your road officials. He entertains and gives gay parties where wine, women and song make merry old midnight swim in revelry.

Look again. In this tax receipt you will see fat profits and fat political rake-offs for the bosses who run your business and get rich and sassy. Tax paying time is soon here. When you get that next bit of tax paper, take a good look at it. Then think what a fool you are to be afraid to talk loud enough to be heard and to say what you think of pure bred road hogs who get your hard money in a nice, soft easy way.

WATER FOR SCHOOLS— Important Item of Health

A Pennsylvania lady, Gail Worth, writes to Rural Welfare editor and asks that we say something about the water supply for rural schools. She urges the importance of this matter as it concerns the health of all pupils in the school.

This lady has made a good suggestion and one that should be heeded. We remember our younger school days, when water was obtained from surface wells. No inspector of health or other sanitary officer ever paid any attention to the wells or water supplies of country schools. The folks of the district were supposed to look after this matter.

We recall the days when no well or spring of water was within half a mile of the school house. It used to be a privilege that the teacher would grant to two boys to go after a bucket of water a half mile away. And then if some girl had been real good she could have the privilege of passing the water in the school to the pupils.

We wonder if this suggestion of good water supply will interest some reader of The Blade. There is no greater menace to health than an impure water source or supply. Many ills and diseases come from contaminated water. The health of our children and doctor bills should prompt us to safeguard water supply in both rural and other schools.

A TRIBUTE TO CORN— Farmers Should Blow Horn

Here is a bit of reading that ought to please every American citizen. It is a tribute to corn. No other crop does more to make America king among nations as the corn crop does. Food for man and beast. It is a meal ticket in Summer or Winter, hot or cold weather. It is good to take green or ripe, ground or whole, boiled, popped or parched, mush or pone or cakes, etc.

Here are the thoughts of a human being as he expressed them while looking over and listening to a growing corn field. Read this twice:

Poets and orators have celebrated the glory of the American corn; but corn remains its own best interpreter. It seems forever to be uttering a message. Even on windless nights there are infinite stirrings and whisperings, as though an invisible spirit walked the furrows, so says Meredith Nicholson, in the Cosmopolitan.

No other plant known to our fields is at once so interesting, so opulent, or so decorative as corn when it has sprung to full height and the grains await their transmutation into ivory or gold. A field of wheat is a thing of beauty and grace, tremulous and shimmering in the lightest airs; but corn challenges attention like a militant host that marches with banners flying.

Corn gave to the American pioneer what was truly the hard-won bread of democracy, and corn remains a fitting sign and symbol of American ideals. It is finely representative of the vigor and wholesomeness of American life. Planted in hope, it is watched and tended with full confidence of reward. It publishes broadcast its lessons of patience, industry and tolerance. No stalk jostles or tramples its neighbor. Each full, ripe ear is a renewal of the old pledge between America and Nature, her mighty and unswerving ally.

"That only holds men together," wrote Whitman, "which aggregates all in a living principle." The corn's serried ranks in the vast plains of the Mississippi valley give the impression of a harmonious whole, no stalk more favored than another, but all drawing life in amity from a common soil, and warmed and quickened by the same sun, dew and rain.

TAX FREE WEALTH— The Idle Rich Dodge

Who knows how many millions, even billions, of wealth dollars are invested in tax free securities and bonds?

Have the idle rich got a patented plan to escape taxes and let the poor devils foot the bills? Tax free bonds sound mighty good to rich folks, but mean more taxes to the rest of us.

This sort of policy will do no good to the agricultural interests of this country. "Soak the Rich" used to be the slogan of the noisy demagog, but today the levers seem to be reversed. "Soak the Poor Devil" will soon be the rule if we keep on piling up our billions of tax free securities.

When any citizen quits paying taxes, he or she is likely to lose interest in government and public affairs. They will take little care or notice of what becomes of the tax dollar or how high the tax rate climbs. As taxes go higher there is more excuse to dodge taxes by those who have wealth. Measured in value of dollars and earning power there are twice as many dollars dodging taxes as are paying taxes. Make dollars work. Make dollars get into business and earn a living. The tax free dollar is the loafing dollar and the drone in the money hive.

THE TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE— The Inspector Talks

Rural Welfare editor had an interesting talk with a man who has spent a dozen years or more as an official inspector of records and accounts of township trustees and school boards.

He can unfold some odd stories of neglect and ignorance on the part of some of these officials. Their records are not kept by the clerk as they ought to be kept. The vote of each trustee on matters of spending money is not recorded or shown.

No bills are filled for many things paid for. There seems to be utter lack of business methods in many townships. The public business should be the best kept business of any in the country.

This inspector finds that many things have been done and money spent without the records showing any action whatsoever on the part of the township trustees or the school board as the case may be.

The matter of raising salaries of officers or teachers after a contract has been entered into by both parties, is often done where somebody has cajoled trustees or boards of education to put over an increase for somebody with a pull.

The inspector says it is not good law to change the salary of a teacher or school superintendent in the middle of a term for which the person was appointed or elected. He finds this often done and he must criticise it when found in any township.

There ought to be a schooling of some kind for these public officials to receive instruction. They should learn what to do and what not to do in the discharge of the duties of their office.

The taxpayer could well afford to pay wages to these township officers to meet and spend two days receiving instructions from some man who has had experience like this inspector to whom we talked.

Many of these township officials make no honest effort to learn what their duties are, or if they know their legal duties, they make no honest effort to carry out the spirit of the law.

This inspector says that in many instances he finds the records kept better in a township than he finds kept by some of the officials in the court house who get a much bigger salary.

Blade readers would do well to take up some of these common place and common sense questions and discuss them at the grange meeting or at the farm institute or farm bureau meeting. You can make wages at it. Invite your township officers to attend and take part and then make a newspaper story of the program. You will hit the bull's eye and ring the bell in your community. Invite the township clerk. He is a big spoke in the wheel and should be the careful man. If he is not, fire him at the next election.

This story is about your home affairs and you ought to be interested. If you are tell your neighbor to read this story. Also tell your neighbor that The Blade is a real home and family paper that gives worth while news fifty two times a year. Do it now.

ONE SCHOOL QUESTION— How Much Can We Stand?

"How much education and civilization can we stand?"

This question has been asked by a public lecturer. He goes on to say that the more highly civilized we think we are and the more cultured education we think we have, the more we are tortured with bugs and humbugs.

The more civilization we have the more taxes we have to pay, and the more worms and insect pests we have to devour our crops and garden sass. He also goes on to say that the more highly educated our children become, the more they neglect "thy father and thy mother" and the more money they want to spend and the more pleasure and less work they demand.

Rural Welfare editor wonders if our readers can answer this fault finding lecturer. In some cases the criticism may fit while in other places it will not fit. Some of our teachers are not the leaders we used to have in the school room. We have younger folks trying to teach school and less hard problems worked in school on the blackboard.

THE OLD G. A. R.— The Sons of Veterans

The order of Sons of Veterans number 52,000 members in the United States. There are more than that many G. A. R. veterans living in the country.

The state of Pennsylvania has the largest enrollment of sons of veterans, over 13,000. New York state has less than 5,000. Ohio has 4,400. Years ago this order was much stronger in numbers than it is today. Thirty years ago, almost every small town had a camp of Sons of Veterans. Now it is different.

Rural Welfare editor does not want this nation to forget the great work of the G. A. R. The boys in blue saved the nation when it had to be saved. They kept all the stars on the flag when foes wanted to take some of the stars off.

The Grand Army of the Republic kept this a united country and made it possible for Uncle Sam to be the great power that determined the world war victory for the allies.

Many Blade readers had relatives in the civil war. And it was a war as fierce in its intensity as any war ever waged. Let's encourage the Sons of Veterans of the Civil War to keep green the memory of the heroes of '61.

NO BACK SEAT— For Live Stock at Fair

"Why should livestock barns and pens be located at the back door of a county fair? Why not give good horses, cattle, sheep and hogs a front seat at the fair, the same as is given to the side show?"

These are the remarks of a veteran farmer and breeder of good farm animals. He has put a new thought into our mind. We wonder why this question has not been raised before. It should have been.

Rural Welfare editor has visited many county fair grounds and also state fair grounds. As a rule the livestock exhibits are in some corner or out-of-the-way place on the grounds. It seems to be the rule in every state. There ought to be a change of program. Talk about it.

TRADE MARK

CARBIDE

BURNS BRIGHTER---LASTS LONGER

Stock Your Home With Bright Light For the Whole Year

LAY in a stock of Standard Carbide now and keep the Summer sunshine in your home all Winter.

Standard Carbide gives pure white light like sunshine. It is light on tap of every jet, ready whenever you want it.

Your whole home full of this bright light takes less care than one kerosene lamp.

Standard Carbide comes in blue steel, moisture-proof drums. A full year's supply keeps perfectly.

This light is the easiest on the eyes, especially for children. It leaves the air pure for throat and lungs, gives freedom from smoky lamps. It is non-poisonous. It is so absolutely safe that miners use it in their cap-lamps.

Under the bright light of Standard Carbide the whole family will be healthier. Winter nights won't seem so long. Reading is a pleasure. Company seeks your home for cheer and gayety.

Lay in a stock of Standard Carbide to turn Winter dreariness into good cheer.

The Farmers' Standard Carbide Co., Inc.

Factory, Plattsburg, N. Y.

Executive Offices, 15 West 37th Street, New York City

THE LATEST MARKETS

Grain

Wheat, cash, $1.25¼; Dec., $1.25¼; May, $1.31¼. Corn, cash, 55½c. Oats, cash, 38½c. Barley, cash, 63c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 81c. Cloverseed, cash, $12.15; Dec., $12.25; Jan., $12.35; Feb., $12.35; March, $12.25. Alsike, cash, $10.40; Dec., $10.55; Feb., $10.85; March, $10.85. Timothy, cash, $2.90; Dec., $2.92; Jan., $2.95; Feb., $3.00; March, $3.05.

Chicago—Wheat, Dec., $1.09¼; May, $1.13⅜. Corn, Dec., 46⅞c; May, 53c. Oats, Dec., 32¾c; May, 37⅝c. Barley, Dec., 57c. Rye, Dec., 81½c; May, 85½c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 47c; solid pack, 46c; nut margarine, 25@25½c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 24@25c; New York limburger, 30c; Wisconsin, 1-lb., 25c; domestic Swiss, 32c; new Michigan, 23c; longhorn, 24@25c.

Eggs—Candled, 60c; selects, 72c.

Bacon—Fat, 15½c; lean, 25c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 20c; 9 to 10 lbs., 19c; 11 to 12 lbs., 18c; 13 to 15 lbs., 16c. Lard, 11c. Hams, 21c. Sausage—Fresh pork, 16c; luncheon, 18c; bologna, 13c; frankfurters, 17c.

Live Poultry—Ducks, 20@24c; geese, 18@20c; turkeys, 33@35c; chickens, 20@22c; light chickens, 16@17c; old roosters, 13@15c; broilers, 18@20c.

Hides—No. 1, 6c; No. 2, 5c; bull, 2c; green calf, No. 1, 14c; No. 2, 12½c; kip, 9c; No. 2 kip, 6½c; cured hides, No. 1, 7c; No. 2, 6c; horse hides, $2.00.

Cleveland—Butter, extra in tubs, 50@50½c; prints, 51@51½c; extra firsts, 49@49½c; firsts, 48@48½c; seconds, 39@39½c; packing stock, 26@27½c. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern, extra, 69c; extra firsts, 58c; Ohio firsts, new cases, 55c; do., old cases, 53c; western firsts, new cases, 60c. Oleomargarine, pound prints, nut oleo, 22@25c; high grade, made of animal oils, 25@25½c; lower grades, 20@21c. Cheese—York state, 24@26c; brick, 25@28c; fancy Swiss, 35@50c; Longhorn (Wisconsin), 25@27c; limburger, 25@26c. Poultry, live heavy fowls, 24@25c; light, 16@18c; roosters, 15c; spring chickens, light, 17@18c; choice, 23@24c; live spring ducks, 26@28c; turkeys, 37@38c. Rabbits—$2.75@3.50 a doz. Potatoes—$3.10@3.15 a sack of 150 lbs.; Michigan, $2.75@3.00 per sack of 150 lbs.; early Ohios, $2.75@3.10 a two-bushel sack; Red River, $2.50@2.80 per 120-lb. sack. Sweet Potatoes—$3.15 a bbl.; Jerseys, $1.45 a hamper.

Chicago—Butter unsettled; creamery, extras, 42½c; first, 35@38c; seconds, 33@34c; standards, 37¾c. Eggs unchanged; receipts, 2,643 cases. Potatoes easier; receipts, 73 cars; total U. S. shipments, 658; Red River Ohios, $1.35@1.65 cwt.; others unchanged.

New York—Butter steady; receipts, 11,675; creamery, higher than extras, 45½@46c; creamery, extras (92 score), 45c; firsts (88 to 91 score), 37@44c; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 29½@30c. Eggs, firm; receipts, 14,102 fresh gathered extra firsts, 63@67c; firsts, 58@62c; New Jersey hennery, whites, extra fancy candled selections, 98c; nearby and nearby western hennery whites, firsts to average fancy, 75@90c; nearby and nearby western hennery, browns, extras, 73@75c; do., gathered, browns and mixed colors, firsts to extras, 57@69c; refrigerator, special marks, fancy, 38@39c; firsts, 35@37c. Cheese irregular; receipts, 1,512; state whole milk, flats, fresh, specials, 21½@22c; do., average run, 21c; state whole milk, fresh, twins, specials, 22@22½c; do., average run, 21c. Live poultry, firm; fowls, 22@26c; dressed poultry steady; western chickens, 26@40c; fowls, 18@35c.

Live Stock

Cleveland — Hogs — Receipts, 1,500; heavies, $7.25; yorkers, $8.00; pigs, $8.00. Cattle, $9.00. Lambs, $8.50@9.25. Calves, $11.00@12.00.

Pittsburgh — Hogs—Receipts, 3,000; lower; heavies, $7.40@7.50; heavy yorkers, $7.90@8.00; light yorkers and pigs, $8.00@8.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 350; steady; top sheep, $5.00; top lambs, $9.25. Calves—Receipts, 60; steady; top, $12.00.

East Buffalo — Cattle — Receipts, 650. Calves—Receipts, 250; steady, $5.00@13.00. Hogs—Receipts, 2,400; steady; heavy, $7.50@7.75; mixed, $7.75@8.00; yorkers, $8.00@8.35; light yorkers, $8.25@8.50; pigs, $8.50; roughs, $6.50@6.75; stags, $4.00@5.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,200; steady; lambs, $4.00@10.00; few, $10.25; others unchanged.

East St. Louis, Ill.—(U. S. Bureau of Markets)—Cattle—Receipts, 2,000; market steady; a few steers sold $5.75@6.35; common to good cows, $3.25@4.00; canners, $2.25@2.50; stocker calves, $4.75@5.50; veal calves, $9.00@9.50. Hogs—Receipts, 9,000; active; light lights and pigs generally higher; light weights strong; medium butchers steady; top, $8.00; light lights practically top, $7.40; bulk lights and medium weights, $7.25@7.50; bulk lights, $7.60@7.85; packer sows steady, $5.75@6.25; pigs strong, 130 lbs. up to $8.25; quality good. Sheep—Receipts, 300; market nominally steady; only two decks on sale; one deck good to choice native brought $8.50; a single of common, $6.00; few light ewes at $4.00.

Chicago—(U. S. Bureau of Markets) — Cattle — Receipts, 1,000; compared with a week ago good and choice light and medium weight steers and yearlings, 25c to 40c lower; short fed and heavy steers, 50c to 75c lower; common grassers and westerns, 25c lower; fat she-stock, 25c to 40c lower; bull canners and cutters, mostly 25c lower; veal calves mostly $2 lower; heavy calves 50c to 75c off; stockers and feeders, 25c to 50c lower. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; largely 10c to 15c higher; mixed up most; few late sales weak; holdover liberal; 150-lb. hogs, $7.40; light lights up to $7.65; practical top, $7.25; bulk, $6.85@7.20; pigs, steady to strong; bulk desirable pigs, $8.00. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000; compared with week ago, best fat lambs steady to 15c higher; in-between, 50c to 75c higher; matured fat stock steady to 25c higher; feeder lambs, 25c to 40c higher.

Questions and Answers

Rule 1—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. This department will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine or Biblical interpretations; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions.

Dempsey's Record

I would like to know something about Jack Dempsey's record as a fighter.—J. W., Mt. Grove, Va.

Jack Dempsey was born in Manassa, Colo., June 24, 1895. Since he won the world's heavyweight championship from Jess Willard at Toledo, in 1919, he has appeared in the ring only a few times. His last fight was with Carpentier in July, 1921, at Jersey City, N. J., where he knocked out the Frenchman.

Here is his record previous to the Willard fight:

1917.	Opponent.	Where	Result.	Number rounds.
Feb.	Jim Flynn	Salt Lake City	K. O.	1
July 25	W. Meehan	Francisco	Won.	4
Aug. 1	Al Norton	Francisco	K. O.	1
Sept. 7	W. Meehan	Francisco	Draw.	4
"	Chas. Miller	Oakland	K. O.	4
Sept. 26	B. McAllister	Oakland	Won.	4
Oct. 2	Gunboat Smith	Francisco	Won.	4
Nov. 2	Carl Morris	Francisco	Won.	4
1918.				
Jan. 24	H. Smith	Racine	Won.	1
Feb. 4	Carl Morris	Buffalo	W. (F.)	6
Feb. 14	Jim Flynn	Sheridan	K. O.	1
Feb. 25	Bill Brennan	Milwaukee	K. O.	6
Mar. 16	Bull Sedee	Memphis	K. O.	1
Mar. 25	Tom Roley	Joplin	K. O.	1
May 5	Billy Miske	St. Paul	No d.	10
"	Fred Fulton	Excelsior Spgs.	K. O.	2
May 20	Art Pelkey	Denver	K. O.	1
July 1	Kid McCarthy	Tulsa	K. O.	1
July 4	Bob Devere	Joplin	K. O.	1
July 6	Porky Flynn	Atlantic City	K. O.	1
July 27	Fred Fulton	Harrison, N. J.	K. O.	1
Aug. 17	Terry Keller	Dayton	K. O.	5
Sept. 13	W. Meehan	Francisco	Lost.	4
Sept. 14	Jack Morgan	Reno	K. O.	1
Nov. 6	Battling Levinsky	Philadelphia	K. O.	3
" 18	Bob Devere	Philadelphia	K. O.	1
Nov. 28	Billy Miske	Philadelphia	No d.	6
Dec. 14	Carl Morris	New Orleans	K. O.	1
Dec. 20	Gunboat Smith	Buffalo	K. O.	3

German Religion

I would like to know what religions are the strongest in Germany.—J. L. S., N. C.

In 1900 the population of Germany included 35,231,104 Protestants, 20,327,913 Roman Catholics, 207,793 Christian sectarians, and 586,948 Jews. In Germany the relations between the church and the state are intimate. Both the ministers of the Roman Catholic as well as the Protestant congregations received subsidies from the government. The Lutheran denomination is the largest of the Protestant faiths.

James Fisk

Can you give me a short sketch of the life of James Fisk?—C. J. L., Mt. Ayer, Iowa.

James Fisk, the American stock speculator, was born at Bennington, Vermont, in 1834, and died in New York in 1872. He became a member of the Boston mercantile firm of Jordan & Marsh, drove shrewd bargains with the government during the Civil war, later opened a broker's office in New York and was employed with one Belden by Daniel Drew, in Drew's struggle with Cornelius Vanderbilt for control of the Erie railway. The Drew-Fisk and Gould-Eldridge interests in concert succeeded in forcing out Vanderbilt, and in placing Gould and Fisk in power, the former as president and the latter as vice president and comptroller of the road. The activity of the two in bribery and corruption involved state and federal officials, and at its climax brought about the gold conspiracy of 1869 and the well known Black Friday (Sept. 24, 1869), when the efforts of the combination to corner the gold market resulted in financial panic. Fisk was shot after a quarrel by E. S. Stokes, a business associate.

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Goodyear Mfg. Co., 190N-R Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one write today.

ALASKA HOLDS PULP SUPPLY

U. S. Official Says Country Can Furnish One-Third of U. S. Paper Needs.

Government forests in Alaska contain enough pulp wood to supply without exhaustion one-third of the future paper requirements of the United States, William B. Greeley, chief of the federal forest service told the senate committee on territories during its hearings on bills to consolidate government activities in Alaska.

The government forests contain 100,000,000 cords of pulp wood, sufficient to furnish about 2,000,000 annually without diminishing reserves, he said. The federal forests contain, he estimated, 77,000,000,000 feet of merchantable timber, about 60 per cent being hemlock, 20 per cent spruce and the remainder cottonwood and cedar. Mr. Greeley said the forests furnished a considerable quantity of the spruce used in airplane construction during the war.

The government has made two large sales of timber for paper manufacture and at present there are a number of large interests considering developing the paper industry in the territory, he said. He asserted that consolidation of his bureau work with other activities there would not be for efficiency or economy.

During 1920 the receipts from timber aggregated $106,000, Mr. Greeley stated, and about 35 per cent of that amount went to the territory for roads and schools.

W. C. Henderson, assistant chief of the survey department, explained the work of that bureau in Alaska in developing fox and martin farms, which he asserted were proving successful. He thought this work, which promised to become one of the chief industries of Alaska, could be best developed under the biological survey rather than by a bureau under the proposed consolidation which has not had the survey's experience.

NEWS FOR VETERANS

All doubt as to where the American Legion stands on the bonus question was settled when the report of the committee on adjusted compensation was presented to the national convention and adopted. The resolution is as follows:

"Whereas, There is pending in congress H. R. No. 1 and S. No. 506, a measure to provide adjusted compensation to the soldiers, sailors and marines of the great war; and

"Whereas, This adjusted compensation measure provides for the payment of the nation's just obligations to the service men and women for the financial aid and economic handicap suffered by them incident to their service; and

"Whereas, The nation should and is paying all of its other war debts and obligations; and

"Whereas, The obligation of the nation to its soldiers arises by reason of economic handicap suffered by them because of their service, which economic handicap is at this time felt with especial severity because of widespread general unemployment; and

"Whereas, After careful consideration of all the arguments advanced in opposition to the measure, including the letter of the secretary of the treasury and the address of the President to congress, we still firmly believe in the justice, fairness and immediate necessity of the adjusted compensation measure; now, therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the American Legion in national convention assembled reaffirms its stand upon adjusted compensation and asks that congress of the United States pass this measure without further equivocation or delay."

New Orleans won the 1922 convention of the American Legion from San Francisco after a spirited fight. The votes of California's neighbors — Washington, Oregon and Hawaii—defeated the San Francisco campaign, Colorado also swinging to the southern city.

The big eastern states were split. New York, New Jersey and Ohio supporting New Orleans, while Illinois and Pennsylvania were for Frisco. The middle west scattered its votes. After the result, California moved to make it unanimous.

Ed. F. Eivers of Portland, state adjutant of the Legion, was elected chef de chemin of the Society of 40 Hommes 8 Chevaux. Howard McDonald of Seattle, was named correspondent national, thus giving the northwest the high honors in the society. Sous chefs elected were: Cronkite of California; Clark, Iowa; Dodson, New Jersey, and Barth, New York. Dr. Stanley Rinehart of Pittsburgh, was again elected commisir entendent national.

The efforts of a committee to obtain preference for ex-service men were regarded when President Harding affixed his signature to an order by which veterans are retained in civil service should reductions be necessary. The committee made a study of the law and a report was forwarded to the President.

That the federal government has shamefully neglected disabled veterans of the World war are charges sustained by the special senate committee, which has been investigating for the past four months and has made its report and recommendations.

Failure to provide sufficient hospitalization facilities, failure to organize vocational training on an adequate scale, delays in the adjustment of compensation and other claims—in fact, untold delays—are recounted, and the report made "that men died while officials of the government disputed the question of the rate of compensation to which they were entitled."

"There is no doubt that there has been a lamentable failure to provide adequate hospital facilities for the wounded, sick and disabled. The sad truth is that, instead of receiving the tender and efficient care to which they were entitled, many unfortunate disabled veterans have been treated shabbily and abominably," says the report. Only 5,050 veterans have been rehabilitated although 338,000 men applied for training, and "we are now approaching the third anniversary of the armistice."

A new table of grades for enlisted men has been made public by the war department and the relative rank is as follows:

First, master sergeant; second, technical sergeant or first sergeant; third, staff sergeant; fourth, sergeant; fifth, corporal; sixth, private, first class, and seventh, private.

Enlisted men of the sixth and seventh grades only may be rated as specialists with designations and extra monthly pay as follows:

Specialists, first class, $25; second class, $20; third class, $15; fourth class, $10; fifth class, $8, and sixth class, $3.

If anybody seriously expected that criticism of National Commander Emery on the basis of the last Summer European trip and the foreign medals presented thereon, would get a hearing at the Legion convention, their mistake was evident when the national executive committee voted unanimously that Emery and Past Commander D'Olier and Lindsley and anybody else who got medals should keep them for their own personal property.

The matter came up through Past Commander Henry D. Lindsley's offer to turn his French and Belgian medals over to the Legion. The debate was short and sweet and nobody suggested anything except that the Legion officers who had received honors should retain them, which settled that little tempest in a teapot.

Italy Bitter to France

Intense bitterness against France is being developed by a systematic campaign in Italy. Marshal Fayolle and the French mission which recently visited Milan and Venice were openly insulted several times.

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Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Restore Those Silver Threads

These disfiguring gray streaks which make you look a hundred years old comb them away with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Mail coupon for free trial bottle and test on single lock. This proves it.

No danger of streaking or discoloration—nothing to wash or rub off. Leaves your hair soft, fluffy, lovely to curl and dress. Restoration complete in 4 to 8 days, whether your gray hairs are many or few.

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U. S. OFFICIALS SEIZE LIQUOR ON VINCENT ASTOR'S YACHT

The Nourmahl, Vincent Astor's new motor yacht, was searched by customs officials recently and about 70 bottles of liquor, which they said had been found in the crew's quarters, were confiscated.

Mr. Astor was not aboard when the yacht was searched. The captain stated, however, that Astor had given strict orders to the crew to throw all liquor overboard before the yacht came into port from a cruise of several weeks in the West Indies.

EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers.

The American men and women must guard constantly against Kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night, if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a teaspoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

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A famous European Laboratory has given the world a wonderful new discovery that quickly soothes, heals and stops weakness of Bladder and Kidneys, Inflammations, scalding and burning.

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To introduce we will give away 100,000 Packages sent postpaid anywhere. Contain full treatment of PRO-GLANDIN, and "New Science" telling how to treat yourself. Explains why Prostate, or kidney sufferers should. Send no money. Just your address. Write today. get all by return mail.

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16799 DIED

In New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against trouble by taking

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Holland's national remedy since 1696. All druggists, three sizes. Guaranteed. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

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If women would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak, rundown, tired out—when they are pale, nervous and haggard—there are thousands who might readily build up their red corpuscles, become rosy cheeked, strong and healthy and be much more attractive in every way. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the healthy glow of youth leaves their skin and their charm and vivacity depart. A two weeks course of Nuxated Iron works wonders in many cases. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. At all good druggists.

NUXATED IRON

FINDS BRITISH OUTLOOK GLOOMY

Chancellor of Exchequer Says England Has Hard Times Ahead Yet.

...view of the financial ... United Kingdom ... in the house of com... Sir Robert Horn, ... the exchequer, in ...ond reading of the ...id. He expressed the ... that Great Britain's ...ndomitable and resourceful... carry her through the ...

...angement to begin pay... interest on the war ... the United States at ...50,000,000 pounds an... said, would occasion ...sh expenditure next year and ...uld compel the house to cut its ... according to its cloth.

...estimated a surplus of ...unds from ordinary ...,000,000 pounds from ...evenue. Of this total ...pounds was allocated to ...fund, leaving an esti... of 97,000,000 pounds ...disappeared owing to the ...strike and payments to ... of the cessation of gov...ment control. Expenditure of an ...,000,000 pounds be...employment had been ...ravalent savings.

...ts and sources of revenue had ...en surprisingly prolific, Sir Robert ... The income tax and customs, ... excise duties had ex...ded expectations, showing that ...e resources of wealth in the hands ...the people were greater than had ...en suspected. Some sources had ...en large reductions in revenue, ...espite the duty on excess ...ofits.

...The surplus would be insufficient ...o provide a sinking fund of ...pounds, which would ...e provided by borrowing. ...e decided, would involve no ...ase in the budget.

EMPLOYES BOOST GERMAN PAYROLL

One Government Worker to Every Three Citizens in Republic.

...Since Germany became a republic ...e has 245,000 more official and ...vernment employes than under ...e empire. At least 100,000 of ...ese are political appointees. These ...anges were made in the reichstag ...ecently by former Finance Minister ...elferich. To this information, the ...former finance minister added:

"Our country has grown smaller, ...e government authorities and offi...ls have grown as if we had con...ered the world. To every three ...itizens, there is now an official or ...overnment employe.

"Such a condition could not be ...maintained by the richest nation, ...much less by impoverished Ger...any."

...Summing up the necessary ex...enditures of Germany for the com... year including the cost of the ...ops of occupation, Helfferich said: "Based upon today's dollar ex...hange Germany's annual expendi...es will aggregate 400,000,000,000 ...arks, against receipts of 100,000,-...000. That means that every ...an, woman and even the smallest ...ild would be required to pay an ...nnuity of 7,000 marks yearly."

...The former finance minister de...lared that the impossibility of ...ch a situation should be obvious ...o everyone.

"The German government does ...not know what to do to check the ...continual decline in the exchange, ...and professes absolute helplessness."

CREAM CLEARS A STUFFED-UP HEAD

Instantly Opens Every Air Passage—Clears Throat Too.

If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed because of nasty catarrh or a cold, apply a little pure, antiseptic cream into your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage, soothing and healing swollen, inflamed membranes and you get instant relief.

Try this. Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Your clogged nostrils open right up; your head is clear; no more hawking or snuffling. County fifty. All the stuffiness, dryness, struggling for breath is gone. You feel fine.

—Advertisement.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

Sage mixed Sulphur with it to Restore Color, Gloss, Youthfulness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if you can find the right kind of sage.

Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is beautiful, we all desire to retain that youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

—Advertisement

IT'S A HARD JOB TO KEEP HIM DOWN.

Leaders in Many Lands Turn Hopes to America as Arms Meet Convenes

THE HOPES of the peoples of the world are centered on the Washington conference for the limitation of armaments, say messages from leaders of all countries.

"It is the hope of all mankind that the Washington conference will bring full progress in the direction of peace," King Gustave of Sweden cabled.

"Its results ought to be more peacemaking even than the Paris conference," said a radio message from the Right Honorable Arthur Henderson of England.

Following are statements received by the International News Service:

BY KING GUSTAVE OF SWEDEN.
(Submitted through the Swedish Premier, Dr. George Branting.)

The Swedish royal government surely expressing the sentiments and hopes of the whole Swedish people, greets with warmest sympathy the initiative of President Harding and views the coming negotiations at Washington with deep sympathy. It is animated by a sincere wish that the great sea powers may come to an agreement that will lead to effective limitation of armaments. Sweden is a member of the league of nations and endeavors to do her best to contribute toward the achievement of this aim. Sweden views with the greatest satisfaction the efforts of any government to bring about consolidation of peace. It is the hope of all mankind that the Washington conference will bring full progress in this direction. If the conference should end without having accomplished its purpose the result would be the gravest blow to the world, especially as regards the efforts and hopes of the peoples toward economic reconstruction.

BY THE RT. HON. ARTHUR HENDERSON,
Laborite Member of the House of Commons.

The war considerably altered public opinion on the question of disarmament and world peace. A new and considerable body of public opinion in this country favors general disarmament. Many governments now appear to think that disarmament is a practical policy to follow and that world peace is a desirable thing to work for. It is to be earnestly hoped that the Washington conference will be a great success. Its results ought to be more peacemaking than even the Paris convention. It is devoutly to be hoped that the main issue of disarmament will not be forgotten.

If the governments go to Washington with a genuine desire to decrease expenditures armaments will have to go.

BY DR. MICHAEL HAINISCH.
President of the Republic of Austria

Allow me to convey to the American people and the world at large my sincerest wishes for favorable progress at the Washington conference and that the outcome of the labors of the statesmen gathered there will benefit mankind. The great hearted and humane initiative of the President of the United States in calling this conference merits the closest attention and the heartiest co-operation and the support of all humanity.

BY ADMIRAL REINHOLD SCHEER
Commander of the German Fleet at the Battle of Jutland.

America, which has been making such successful efforts to relieve the misery of starving Children in Europe, now has a chance for even greater immortal merits by healing war wounds and furthering the cause of civilization. America will do this if, at the Washington conference, she will attack the evil at its roots. Pacification of Europe will come only from just application of right and the self-determination of peoples. France's formidable will power aims to make permanent the illegal dismemberment of German soil and the separation of thousands of Germans from their native land. Thus poisonous ulcers are left in Europe, which are bound to contaminate the whole hemisphere and have the most serious effects upon world peace and economics.

BY MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT
The World's Foremost Actress.

The eyes of the women throughout the world are fixed on the Washington conference. French women in particular hope this conference will reunite forever the two great nations of France and the United States whose frank loyal hearts insist upon straightforward policies. General disarmament would be the greatest possible humanitarian act.

BY DR. SUN YAT SEN,
President of the Republic of South China.

As one whose services have been dedicated to the great cause of world peace I welcome the Washington conference. But disarmament is impossible without a right solution of the Chinese question. Such a solution depends upon the establishment of an enlightened, national government deriving its authority from and answerable to the Chinese people as stipulated by our constitution. As long as the incapable, corrupt Pekin government is kept alive by recognition by foreign governments a solution is impossible.

BY CHARLES ALFRED PARMOOR,
President of the International Peace Council.

The recent fighting in Asia Minor and Albania, together with the aggression of France in advancing upon the Rhine bridgeheads convince me that the league of nations is not a perfect instrument for peace. Its power to prevent the next war is highly doubtful. I look confidently toward Washington. Failure of the armament limitation conference would be a calamity for all nations which would then return to the old race for bigger armies and navies. If the parley fails, war is inevitable, in spite of the league of nations.

BY ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT,
British Naval Strategist and Author.

We don't care a damn about disarmament, so long as we give up building battleships.

Honor Dead by Helping Living, Byng's Message

The Armistice day message to the Canadian people from His Excellency Baron Byng, governor general of Canada, follows:

"Government House, Ottawa.

"My message to the people of Canada is: Honor the dead by helping the living.

"BYNG OF VIMY,
"Governor General of Canada."

CHOLERA ABOUT UNDER CONTROL

Disease Disappears Along Volga as Cooler Weather Comes in Russia.

Cholera has about run its course along the Volga for this year and, as the weather grows cooler, is disappearing very rapidly in spite of the weakened condition of the famine-stricken population and the unsanitary condition of impoverished refugees crowded into camps where there is absolute lack of sanitary precautions.

Vital statistics are lacking but the testimony of medical men who have wide knowledge of health conditions in the Volga districts indicates that the death rate among persons who were taken with cholera ranged from 50 to 75 per cent. This was attributed to the undernourished condition of the population and lack of facilities to treat the malady.

Dr. Emily Burkhardt, a Russian physician who is now in the service of the American Committee for Relief in the Near East with headquarters in Tiflis, visited the famine area recently for the purpose of studying the cholera situation. She is an expert in the treatment of cholera, and talked with many physicians and nurses who are battling with the disease in the famine area. The testimony of these medical men and women was that they were helpless because of the lack of beds for patients and proper facilities for their treatment.

"The work of the doctors and nurses has been highly dangerous and hopeless," Dr. Burkhardt said. "Underfed doctors and nurses who try to care for cholera patients without decent hospitals and every facility for protecting themselves against the disease know that they are really risking suicide. The greatest guarantee against cholera is a stomach filled with properly prepared food. Proper feeding generates acid in the stomach which kills the cholera germs and makes the attendants immune.

"Years ago I saw one of my professors at the University of Moscow drink a pure culture of cholera germs to prove that persons who are in good health and properly fed have acid in their stomachs which combats the disease. He suffered no ill effects."

HERO BURIAL IS IDEA OF BRITON

Clergyman Originated Plan of Honoring Nameless Veteran of War.

The idea of conferring a nation's proudest honors on the body of an unknown soldier, as was done by the United States at Arlington National cemetery on Armistice day, was first put forward in England by Nathaniel Railton, a young clergyman and war veteran.

Information reaching American Legion headquarters says England's initiative in holding a great public mourning service at the bier of one of her nameless heroes was taken after Railton had published in a London paper an open letter addressed to the English public.

This article pointed out that many thousands of soldiers had died on the battlefield for their country and their ideals and had gone to their graves unidentified, and urged that such a soldier, utterly lost in the great holocaust, typified more perfectly than could any other of the victims of the war the spirit of self-sacrifice and love of flag and country.

Urging a great demonstration in the form of a public funeral for an "unknown soldier," the letter expressed the thought that such a solemn ceremony would rivet forever in the hearts of British subjects the profound lessons of war and a worthy appreciation of the sacrifice of the young men who laid down their lives.

England's lead in acting on the suggestion was quickly followed by France, Italy and the United States.

Nathaniel Railton is the son of George S. Railton, England's first Salvation Army commissioner, who was found dead in a little railroad station in Germany shortly before the outbreak of the war. Young Railton, who at that time was a theological student, enlisted at once and served through many of the desperate battles of the early part of the war.

Farmers Threaten to Burn Corn

Farmers near Stockton, Kansas, are circulating an agreement which binds the signers to boycott the coal dealers by burning corn this Winter instead of coal.

Several dealers are offering 20 cents a bushel for this year's corn crop, shelled and delivered. Coal is retailing at $15 a ton.

A PRISONER WHO OVERTOPPED A KING

The International Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 20 Is, "Paul Before the King"—Act 25:1—26:23.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

A THOUSAND pens and a thousand voices are nowadays proclaiming that the Pacific has become the center of the world's problems and the place of political perils and decisions. Personally, I cannot see it so. That turbulent stretch of territory around the head of the Mediterranean—never more ominously disturbed than today—which we call "Bible Lands" is still the crossroads of earth, the place where the great settlements or unsettlements of history have been and still are being determined. Despite the assumptions which underlie the epochal Washington conference, now in session, the central point of interest for mankind is that upon which the eyes of the Sunday schools of the world are fixed today, as they consider the Apostle Paul caught in a mesh of polotico-ecclesiastical intrigue.

It would be enlightening to consider what may be called place providences, or the geography of power, as our thoughts are divided between Paul, the far-traveled, at Palestine, and present-day world leaders at Washington. Is it probable that the land where Christ first "turned the world upside down" is permanently the decisive point in earth's affairs? If so, we need to look sharply into the issues of Islam, Zionism, nationalism, racial unrest and European imperialism which converge there. Washington will never supplant Jerusalem.

A Man and a Crisis.

As Lord Bryce points out in connection with the paucity of the highest type of statesmanship during the war, it is not true that a great occasion always produces a great man; and it still remains to be seen whether an adequate figure will emerge at the armament conference. But our lesson reveals, rising above the pomp and trappings of state and kings and other potentates, the sublime figure of a man who dominated his surroundings and alone made them memorable. Paul looms large in a scene where he was officially rated only as a prisoner.

The oldest of all lessons, the sheer greatness and supremacy of personality, is written on the very surface of our theme. Smaller men about him, puffed up with a sense of official importance, played petty politics with a great issue; Paul clave close to the essential thing. This spectacle of the persecuted apostle in all the loneliness of real greatness, towering high above the officially important ones at whose feet he was supposed to stand, has countless parallels.

One such occurred recently at the meeting of the League of Nations, when Dr. Nansen, the explorer, pleaded in vain with the nations to forego their fears and their sordid politics, and extend a bread-filled hand to the millions of Russian peasants who are starving. Writing strongly upon the incident, The Manchester Guardian says, "The deaths it has been decided not to avert are likely to be about three times as numerous as the total deaths of soldiers in all the armies on both sides during the great war." It describes Dr. Nansen as standing out, "a detached figure of honor, courage and simplicity, rising white and columnar out of the ranks of the ordinary diplomatists and politicians." Again, "Dr. Nansen strove with them till the going down of the sun to avert this collapse and stulification of so much honorable pride and so much real sacrifices. But the powers were not to be moved. . . . Every detail of Pilate's attitude was theirs too, and the new Russian calvary will have everything traditional and regular about it."

"Rising white and columnar," a great man amid mean men—such was Paul at Caesarea, the hero in manacles.

Here we have an eternally contemporaneous contrast between the Paul type and the Felix-Festus-Agrippa type. One was "not disobedient to heavenly vision." The others had left their visions and noble ideals, if ever they had any, somewhere among the discarded interests of their early careers. They had succumbed to the commonest temptation of the politician. Of late there have been numerous books and articles devoted to an analysis of the characters and careers of public men; it is a significant and hopeful sign that so many of these, as in Mirrors of Downing Street, point out and lament the decline of moral convictions and courage as the real secret of the failures of the men studied. That ancient drama in Caesarea is strangely kin to momentous modern meetings.

A "Dangerous" Man.

A certain jurist known to me, who is truer to his corrupt political organization than to his judicial obligations, remarked concerning a plain-speaking reformer, "That is the most dangerous man in this county." The besmirched judge really meant that the man was dangerous to the political tranquility of the dominant party, just as sunlight is dangerous to disease, and as the Ten Commandments and the civil law are dangerous to transgressors. By that definition, the Apostle Paul was the most dangerous man in Judea. His clear and fearless voice rang out against the evils of society and of politics and of the church. The ecclesiastics hated him with a deadly hatred; the Roman governor trembled before his preaching, and the people turned into the Way that he proclaimed.

True, his enemies had the physical power to imprison him; but he was still the freest spirit of the time; for

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Paul embodied the ideals of liberty and righteousness and honor which were the one hope of a degenerate day. Although he was a prisoner at the bar, he was the real leader of the force that was destined to overthrow Rome's imperial pagan power. This little Tarsus Jew at whom petty governors and a kinglet sneered, was the Champion of the Coming Day, at whose feet later kings and emperors were humbly to bow. Let us not miss the larger issue set in array, as Festus and Agrippa ranged Paul opposite to them; this was nothing less than a phase of the eternal struggle between darkness and light, wrong and right, reaction and progress error and liberty, God and the Evil One. Paul's privilege was the highest that ever comes to mortal, that of standing for God and Tomorrow when all the odds were against him.

With Oriental Splendor.

"With great pomp" the sycophantic Governor Festus staged this scene for King Agrippa and his sister-wife, Bernice. Imagination easily paints the scene. The Roman soldiers, in their most brilliant armor, were the background, flanking the thrones at the center of the marble praetorium. Slaves were in attendance upon the officials. The influential citizens of Caesarea were present, arrayed in their best. Apart and distinctively clad, were the group of Jerusalem ecclesiastics and other Jews. Dr. Luke and a few inconspicuous Christians, wearing on their faces a peace that surpassed all pomp, stood by the little old man who was defendant.

There was a fanfare of trumpets, and much processional splendor, and a general craning of necks, as royalty arrived. All the stately trappings were soon forgotten, as the travel-worn missionary began his defense—which quickly became a sermon. What strange and wonderful pulpits God erected for this preacher Paul! With eloquence beyond the compass of trained Roman oratory, Paul held the mixed company thrilled and enrapt by his testimony to Christ and the resurrection. He was less concerned about his own liberty than about preaching the Gospel. Festus, his responsibilities as host of the occasion weighing upon him, his Roman imperturbability shaken by this unusual demonstration, interrupted with a phrase that was half tribute and half apology. With the skill of a really great orator, Paul converted the governor's words into a brilliant passage.

Then—such is the mastery of true eloquence—he turned the tables upon the king and became the judge with Agrippa in the role of defendant. He made the direct appeal for a decision. What audacity! The royal guest, confused self-defensive, sputtered. "What! Are you trying to make a Christian out of me, a Roman king!"

Yes, Agrippa, you poor, debauched, incestuous fruit of a rotten tree, this man in the dock was giving even you, by God's royal bounty, a chance to become what you had never been. For Paul could say—as he offered the only road to a new world order, namely, the way of individual conversion—"I would to God that not thou only, but also all that hear me this day, might become such as I, except these bonds."

Cures Asthma or Costs Nothing

Any reader who suffers from the above disease can be quickly cured without risking a penny through the remarkable discovery of C. Leavengood, 1588 S. W. Blvd., Rosedale, Kans. Don't send a penny—just write Mr. Leavengood and he will send you a big bottle of his prescription on 10 days' trial. If it cures pay $1.25. Otherwise you owe nothing.

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS PLANNING TO REDUCE CROP

With congressional action on the Hawaiian emergency labor bill indefinitely delayed, sugar planters throughout the territory are planning to cut their cane acreage for 1922 by 20 to 25 per cent and to undertake more intensive cultivation with what labor is available.

Officials of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' association state that this action will mean a probable reduction in Hawaii's output of sugar for 1922 of approximately 100,000 tons, which under revised tariff laws is expected to have a considerable effect on the price of sugar throughout the country.

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AGENTS.

Agents—Something new. Adjustable Shaving Mirror; fastens anywhere, any angle; nickel plated, sells on sight; big profits. Write for free sample offer. Lee Specialty Co., Co., Loudonville, O.

SALESMEN WANTED.

WANTED A SALES MANAGER—To sell our products to housewives and dealers in your territory. Great opportunity to make big money and connect permanently with largest manufacturers of highest grade cleaners and polishers on the market. Send 25c for packing and shipping, will send you full size package to prove the wonderful opportunity we offer. Write at once for exclusive territory. Samoline Corporation, 2134 No. Clark st., Chicago.

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Song Poems published on commission. National Song Publishers, 1717 Orilly Ct., Chicago.

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Raw fur of all kind wanted. High Prices, Honest Grades, Quick Returns. Send for prices and shipping tags. Kirkbride & Wooley, Friendly, W. Va.

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Homespun smoking or chewing tobacco, collect on delivery. 10 pounds, $2.50; 20 pounds, $4. Ford Tobacco Company, Mayfield, Kentucky.

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Herb Recipe Book, 10c. Worth $5 Teaches how to make medicines of all kinds from herbs. Over 250 recipes and herb secrets. Herb-a-list, Dept. 13, Hammond, Ind.

PILES—CURED OR NO PAY. $2 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Kno remedy Company, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

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Farm wanted. Send description and price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

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For Sale—160-acre improved farm in Clare Co., Mich., one mile frim town of 600, with two railroads, 2 od schools, churches and markets; all clay loam; price $14,000. For particulars address W. C. Fuller, Farwell, Mich.

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175-Acre Farm; Only $3400 With Horses, Tools, 10 Cows, 4 calves, full implements, cream separator, vehicles, potatoes, beans, 25 tons hay, stove wood included; conveniently located; 75 acres rich loamy tillage, 20-cow brook-watered pasture; estimated 500 cords wood; timber; 100 apple trees, other fruit, sugar maples, house, barn, 16-room house, 90 ft. barn, stable, poultry houses, garage, etc. Other interests demand quick sale; $3400, part cash, easy terms. Details page 12 Illus. Catalog 1100 Bargains. FREE. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 150-S Nassau St., New York City.

ARMS PARLEY PLEASES KING

British Ruler Declares Hopes of Nation Are in Washington.

"I have followed with great satisfaction the steps taken by the President of the United States to promote reduction of expenditures on armaments, an object which commends the fullest sympathy of my government," said King George in a speech read from the throne last Thursday by Lord Birkenhead, the lord chancellor, ending the present session of parliament.

"It is my earnest hope that the labors of the conference will be crowned with success.

"It was in this spirit that my government gladly accepted the invitation extended by the United States government to the conference on disarmament about to be held at Washington," the king's message said.

Regarding Ireland the king said: "The situation in Ireland still causes me great anxiety. I earnestly exhort leaders of all Irish parties to exercise patience and moderation with the object of establishing friendship and loyal co-operation between my people of that country. It is my firm belief and earnest prayer that an enduring peace will finally be achieved.

"The session of parliament which closes today has been marked by events of great importance to the welfare of the British empire and to the peace of the world," the king said. "It is not yet possible to say that peace is firmly established in Europe and it must be long before the world can recover from the strain and sacrifice of war, but good progress has been made towards solution of most of the critical problems in home and foreign affairs.

"The dominion prime ministers gave serious attention to the defense of the empire and to the maintenance of an adequate measure of sea power. It was unanimously decided that the naval strength of the empire should equal that of any other power.

"I learn with satisfaction that the financial year will end without a budget deficit. Our debts are great and taxation is heavy and burdensome to industry. It is of vital importance that expenditures be still further restricted in every department of life, both public and private."

FOREIGN BORN POPULATION OF U. S. IS 13,920,692

The total foreign born population of the United States on Jan. 1, 1920, numbered 13,920,692, representing an increase of 404,806, or 3 per cent since 1910, census bureau figures show. Of the total 6,493,088 were naturalized 1,223,490 had taken out their first papers and 5,398,605 were aliens.

The largest percentage naturalized in the total foreign born population of any state, 73.3 was shown for North Dakota, and the smallest, 14.8 for Arizona. The largest percentage of aliens, 78.7, was shown in Arizona and the smallest, 11.6, in South Dakota.

OUCH! MY BACK! RUB LUMBAGO PAIN AWAY

Rub Backache Away With Small Trial Bottle of Old "St. Jacobs Oil."

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right on your aching back, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness are gone.

Don't stay cripp'ed! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the pain right out and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica, backache or rheumatism so promptly. It never disappoints!

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All made of 16, 18, 20 and 22 gauge best cold rolled heavy solid copper. Non-explosive. All solder outside. 5 inch air-tight screw can. Absolutely guaranteed to be the best and strongest kettle made.

½ inch copper tubing 50c per foot. Standard ½ inch Union, 50c. U. S. Customs Standard hydrometer test, 200 proof, $1.25. Goods shipped the day order is received. Packed in strong, plain boxes. Above are lowest factory cash prices. Send money order or draft with order.

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I BELIEVE IT, MUTT! DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I WALKED IN MY SLEEP?
NO! WHEN WAS THAT?
ONCE WHEN I WAS VISITING SIR SIDNEY, I DREAMED I WAS AN INDIAN AND I GOT OUT OF BED AND WRAPPED A BLANKET AROUND MYSELF-
AND STARTED TO WALK THROUGH THE WOODS. I WOKE UP TWELVE MILES FROM HOME AND NO CARFARE IN SIGHT!
HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET BACK?
EASY ENOUGH! I LAID DOWN UNDER A TREE, DREAMED I WAS AN INDIAN AGAIN AND WALKED BACK!
FIRE!

OHIO TO RUSH BONUS BONDS

State Officials Consider Plans to Get Funds for Compensation.

As a result of the overwhelming vote of the ratification given the soldier bonus amendment to the state constitution at the election in Ohio, state officials have announced they will begin immediately to prepare for the marketing of bonds from the proceeds of which Ohio veterans of the World war will be paid $10 for each month passed in the service, the total not to exceed $250.

Unofficial returns showed the soldiers' bonus amendment adopted by a vote of more than three to one.

Only two other state issues both of them proposed amendments to the state constitution were voted on at the election and both of them were defeated. Reports showed a vote of almost three to one against one of them, which would have paved the way for the establishment by the legislature of a poll tax. The other, providing for the first senatorial redistricting of the state since 1851, had a majority of more than 94,000 votes registered against it.

The large vote given the bonus amendment was the feature of the election. The amendment provides for a bond issue of not to exceed $25,000,000. State Auditor Tracy announced the first bonus bond issue probably would be limited to $5,000,000 or $1,000,000 in order to see how brokers and investors would be attracted.

On the basis of the early returns, Secretary of State Smith estimated the majority for the bonus amendment would total 500,000, while the poll tax and senatorial redistricting proposals would be defeated by from 250,000 to 300,000 votes.

The American legion campaigned vigorously for the bonus amendment, which had the indorsement of the Republican and Democratic parties and practically every civic organization in the state. On the other hand, no campaigns were waged either for or against the other two amendments, although the Republicans had endorsed the redistricting measure. All three amendments were initiated and submitted by the legislature.

In a statement issued at Cleveland, Charles L. Darlington of Xenia, state commander of the legion, said:

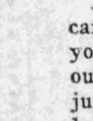
"We assure the voters of Ohio that we will keep the American legion so clean and straight that when we want anything you will always back us up."

Hugh K. Martin of Columbus, state adjutant of the Ohio legion, issued a statement declaring the people of Ohio "have not forgotten" and that the vote "reflects great credit upon the fair mindedness of the people of Ohio."

COLLAPSE IN EXCHANGE TURNS BAIL INTO FORTUNE

The collapse in Austrian exchange turned a police court fine into a fortune for an Austrian army officer who has just been sentenced to pay 50 francs at Buchs for assaulting a customs official before the war. The officer then was released upon cash bail of 5,000 Swiss francs, deposited at a time when the crown was the equivalent to the franc.

When he paid his fine and received the bail he deposited years ago, he found that he had what would be changed into more than 2,000,000 Austrian crowns.



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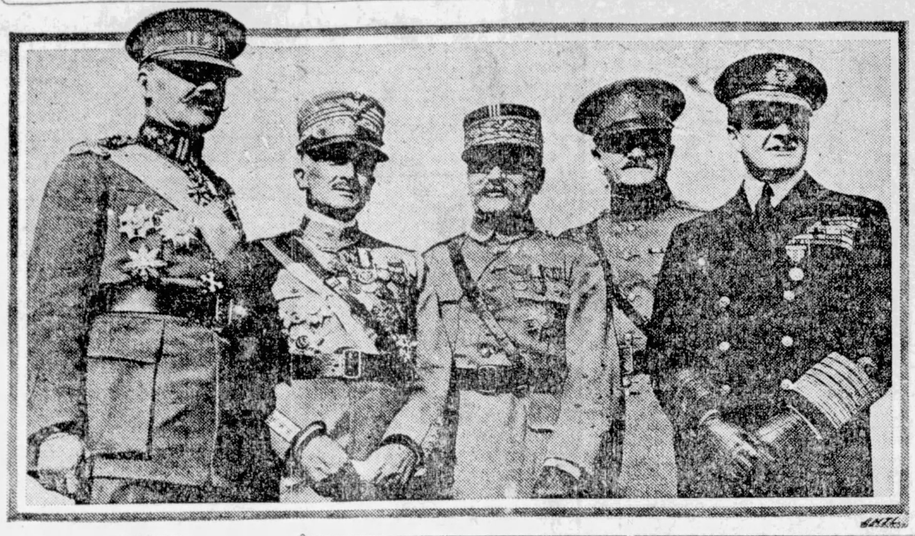
The Big Five at the American Legion Review



Five of the biggest figures in the Wold War saw the American veterans march at the American legion convention in Kansas City. The quintet included General Jacques, of Belgium, who towered physically over the others; General Diaz, of Italy; Marshal Foch, of France; General Pershing and Admiral Beatty, of Great Britain. After the review they attended the unveiling of the legion memorial shaft.

WIFE OF HERO BANS MOVIES

Says They're Too Dangerous for Country's "Bravest Soldier."

"Woodie shall never be a movie actor no matter how many offers he gets, it is far too dangerous," excitedly declared Mrs. "Captain" Woodfill, wife of the "greatest hero in the American army" soon after arriving in Washington.

Standing near her broad shouldered, six-foot husband, who carries himself with Indian erectness, she appeared strikingly slender and delicate—but still quite strong enough to make her "soldier boy" follow whither she leads—and she plans to lead him far from the paths of danger.

No movie vamps shall ever get a chance to ensnare him with beguiling looks, nor shall he ever take such dangerous, inviting challenges as those of Douglas Fairbanks.

"No, no, the movies are far too dangerous," reiterated the wife.

"What feelings are there in the heart of a woman, when she sees and hears her husband as the greatest hero of the nation?" the slender fair-haired woman was asked.

"Unspeakable pride," she replied, "and all kinds of little thrills."

Mrs. Woodfill, who was married to Sergeant Woodfill in December, 1917—just one week before he left to join his regiment—regards "13" as her lucky number, for it was in 1913 that she first met the handsome blond soldier; it was a "thirteenth" when he returned to her with the simple greeting: "Well, I've come back."

Apostle's Tomb Found

Excavations at Ephesus have resulted in the discovery of considerable portions of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, notably the crypt, which, according to tradition, is the tomb of the apostle John.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

PLEA AGAINST WARS MADE BY PRESIDENT AT UNKNOWN'S BIER

Urging Americans "to give of our resources" and "of our aspirations and convictions to put mankind on a little higher plane" that "war's distressing tragedies" may be "barred from the stage of righteous civilization," President Harding, on Armistice day, bespoke a nation's eulogy of her hero dead over the bier of an unknown warrior at the ceremony in Arlington cemetery in honor of the soldier whose body was brought back from France.

It mattered not, the President said, whether the soldier came from palace or cottage, for every manner of home was represented on the battlefields of France. "We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the glory of his death. He died for his country, and greater devotion hath no man than this."

The President's funeral oration follows:

"We are met today to pay the impersonal tribute. The name of him whose body lies before us took flight with his imperishable soul. We know not whence he came, but only that his death marks him with the everlasting glory of an American dying for his country.

"He might have come from any one of millions of American homes. Some mother gave him in her love and tenderness, and with him her most cherished hopes. Hundreds of mothers are wondering today, finding a touch of solace in the possibility that the nation bows in grief over the body of one she bore to live and die, if need be, for the republic. If we give rein to fancy, a score of sympathetic chords are touched, for in this body there once glowed the soul of an American, with the aspirations and ambitions of a citizen who cherished life and its opportunities. He may have been a native or an adopted son; that matters little, because they glorified the same loyalty, they sacrificed alike.

"We do not know his station in life, because from every station came the patriotic response of the five millions. I recall the days of creating armies, and the departing of caravels which braved the murderous seas to reach the battle lines for maintained nationality and preserved civilization. The service flag marked mansion and cottage alike, and riches were common to all homes in the consciousness of service to country.

Died for Country.

"We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the glory of his death. He died for his country, and greater devotion hath no man than this. He died unquestioning, uncomplaining, with faith in his heart and hope on his lips, that his country should triumph and its civilization survive. As a typical soldier of this representative democracy, he fought and died, believing in the indisputable justice of his country's cause. Conscious of the world's upheaval, appraising the magnitude of a war the like of which had never horrified humanity before, perhaps he believed his to be a service destined to change the tide of human affairs.

"In the death gloom of gas, the bursting of shells and rain of bullets, men face more intimately the great God over all, their souls are aflame, and consciousness expands and hearts are searched. With the din of battle, the glow of conflict, and the supreme trial of courage, come involuntarily the hurried appraisal of life and the contemplation of death's great mystery. On the threshhold of eternity, many a soldier, I can well believe, wondered how his ebbing blood would color the stream of human life, flowing on after his sacrifice. His partiotism was none less if he craved more than triumph of country; rather, it was greater if he hoped for a victory for all human kind. Indeed, I revere that citizen whose confidence in the righteousness of his country inspired belief that its triumph is the victory of humanity.

He Hated War.

"This American soldier went forth to battle with no hatred for any people in the world, but hating war and hating the purpose of every war for conquest. He cherished our national rights, and abhorred the threat of armed domination; and in the maelstrom of destruction and suffering and death he fired his shot for liberation of the captive conscience of the world. In advancing toward his objective was somewhere a thought of a world awakened; and we are here to testify undying gratitude and reverence for that thought of a wider freedom.

"On such an occasion as this, amid such scene, our thoughts alternate between defenders living and defenders dead. A grateful republic will be worthy of them both. Our part is to atone for the losses of heroic dead by making a better republic for the living.

"Sleeping in these hallowed grounds are thousands of Americans who have given their blood for the baptism of freedom and its maintenance, armed exponents of the nation's conscience. It is better and nobler for their deeds. Burial here is rather more than a sign of the government's favor, it is a suggestion of a tomb in the heart of the nation, sorrowing for its noble dead.

"Today's ceremonies proclaim that the hero unknown is not unhonored. We gather him to the nation's breast, within the shadow of the capitol, of the towering shaft that honors Washington, the great father, and of the exquisite monument to Lincoln, the martyred savior. Here the inspirations of yesterday and the conscience of today forever unite to make the republic worthy of his death for flag and country.

"Ours are lofty resolutions today, as with tribute to the dead we consecrate ourselves to a better order for the living. With all my heart, I wish we might say to the defenders who survive, to mothers who sorrow, to widows and children who mourn, that no such sacrifice shall be asked again.

Horrors of War.

"It was my fortune recently to see a demonstration of modern warfare. It is no longer a conflict in chivalry, no more a test of militant manhood. It is only cruel, deliberate, scientific destruction. There was no contending enemy, only the theoretical defense of a hypothetic objective. But the attack was made with all the relentless methods of modern destruction. There was the rain of ruin from the air-craft, the thunder of artillery, followed by the unspeakable devastation wrought by bursting shells; there were mortars belching their bombs of desolation; machine guns concentrating their leaden storms; there was the infantry, advancing, firing, and falling—like men with souls sacrificing for the decision. The flying missiles were revealed by illuminating tracers, so that we could note their flight and appraise their deadliness. The air was streaked with tiny flames marking the flight of massed destruction; while the effectiveness of the theoretical defense was impressed by the simulation of dead and wounded among those going forward, undaunted and unheeding. As this panorama of unutterable destruction visualized the horrors of modern conflict, there grew on me the sense of the failure of a civilization which can leave its problems to such cruel arbitrament. Surely no one in authority, with human attributes and a full appraisal of the patriotic loyalty of his countrymen, could ask the manhood of kingdom, empire, or republic to make such sacrifice until all reason had failed, until appeal to justice through understanding had been denied, until every effort of love and consideration for fellow men had been exhausted, until freedom itself and inviolate honor had been brutally threatened.

"I speak not as a pacifist fearing war, but as one who loves justice and hates war. I speak as one who believes the highest function of government is to give its citizens the security of peace, the opportunity to achieve, and the pursuit of happiness.

Would Ban Wars.

"The loftiest tribute we can bestow today—the heroically earned tribute—fashioned in deliberate conviction, out of unclouded thought, neither shadowed by remorse nor made vain by fancies, is the commitment of this republic to an advancement never made before. If American achievement is a cherished pride at home, if our unselfishness among nations is all we wish it to be, and ours is a helpful example in the world, then let us give of our influence and strength, yea, of our aspirations and convictions, to put mankind on a little higher plane, exulting and exalting, when war's distressing and depressing tragedies barred from the stage of righteous civilization.

"There have been a thousand defenses justly and patriotically made; a thousand offenses which reason and righteousness ought to have stayed. Let us beseech all men to join us in seeking the rule under which reason and righteousness shall prevail.

"Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is noting this expression of the republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

"As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, garlanded by love and covered with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth, good will among men. Let me join in that prayer.

"'Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.'"

MAY REGULATE AUTO TRAFFIC

Congress Plans to Place Trucks Under I. C. C. Control.

When congress again takes up the transportation problem many observers believe that some attention with a view to the enactment of regulatory laws will be given auto trucks and busses used as common carriers in the transportation of passengers and freight.

With the improvement and development of the automobile it has gradually adapted itself to many of the uses and functions of the steam and electric train. The motor car has accommodated itself to the public service to such an extent that there is a growing feeling among leaders in congress that the passenger or freight carrying automobile should be regulated by the interstate commerce commission the same as the railroads. As carriers engaged in interstate commerce there is no question of the federal government's right to regulate the motor carriers and even in cases where trucks are used only in intrastate traffic it is claimed that the federal government might be able to claim the right of regulation due to the fact that the federal government for some years has been appropriating large sums for highway construction. These roads are used extensively by the motor vehicles.

It is admitted that the use of the automobile for carrying freight and passengers has much to do with the present dilemma of the railroads, especially the short lines. Passenger service on the short lines in many instances has either been curtailed or withdrawn because the bulk of the business has been taken away by auto busses, which pay but small license fees and operate over highways constructed entirely at public expense. It is said that the average license fee paid by passenger and freight carrying vehicles is $50 per year. States and municipalities receive this money and the federal government, which contributes huge sums for the building of roads gets nothing.

Within the last three years Uncle Sam has acquired an extensive interest in the trunk highways of the country. Congress during that period has appropriated something like $300,000,000 to help the states build better roads and the states by accepting the money, it is claimed, have conceded to the federal government a certain interest and some voice in the management of the highways.

The federal government has been going fifty-fifty with the states in the building of trunk highways which cost from $15,000 to $30,000 a mile. Road engineers say that the most severe damage to these costly highways is wrought by the big auto trucks, which carry on a regular freight and passenger business at a profit and pay hardly enough for the privilege in the course of a year to repair the smallest fraction of the injury they cause. Ordinary automobile traffic, it is claimed, does little damage to these roads but heavy trucks destroy the wearing surface and destruction comes rapidly. It has been said that one average auto truck, operating twice a day over a first class highway will in a year's time do damage that cannot be repaired for $1,000 a mile.

By these figures it will be seen that an auto truck operating over a 25-mile road can cause damage to the extent of $25,000 a year. The average license fee being but $50 it will be seen that the states receive only a negligible amount in return for the damage done, while Uncle Sam is entirely out of pocket.

FOUR CAPTAINS SERVE ON SHIP

Lack of Business Forces Them to Position of Mates on Vessels.

Four captains on one ship, each of them qualified by experience and license to navigate unlimited tonnage in any waters, but three of them serving as mates, is not an uncommon occurrence now, due to the low tide of world ocean commerce.

On a ship which recently sailed from New York for a round trip voyage to the West Indies, the master thereof had under him as mates two men under whom he had formerly worked when conditions were reversed. His third mate, during the war, commanded an American ship which made numerous trips through the war zone carrying supplies for the American army in France.

It is to the lasting credit of these American masters, ship owners say, that they accept reduced rank cheerfully and in their service they render a very high degree of allegiance and obedience to the officers temporarily above them. This applies not only to their periods of actual duty but to the traditional sea discipline when off watch.

The laying up of one ship after another until practically one-half of America's post-war fleet of commerce carriers has been relegated to a quiet anchorage awaiting return of normalcy in world commerce, has put thousands of good American seamen "on the beach" as they term it. Officers suffer with the firemen and the sailors in the enforced idleness. Club rooms of associations of officers are always well filled now by licensed men awaiting a possible opening on some ship.

When a call for an officer comes in, it is tendered to the men understood to be most in need of the work, and by him it is cheerfully accepted regardless of the rank it carries.

BOY OF 12 YOUNGEST PATRIARCH IN WORLD

At a recent ceremony of the accession of King Feisael to the throne of Mesopotamia much interest was aroused by the presence of the Patriarch of the Nestorian Christians. Those who expected to see an old man were much astonished to find that the Patriarch is a boy of 12, clad in clerical robes. The present Patriarch is the youngest dignitary in the world. He is now learning English.

New Democratic Chief

Cordell Hull of Tennessee, who has been elected to succeed George White as chairman of the Democratic national committee. Mr. Hull is 50 years old, a bachelor and a resident of Carthage, Tenn. He served several terms in the Tennessee legislature and four terms in congress from Tennessee.

1,000 MARINES GUARD MAILS

Hays Orders Them to Duty on Trains and at Postoffices in Some Cities.

With a declaration of "open warfare" by the postoffice department on the bandits responsible for the startling series of mail robberies 1,000 United States marines have gone on duty as guards of mail trains and trucks and at postoffices in 15 cities. They will be armed with pistols and sawed-off shotguns and are under orders from Major General Lejeune, commandant of the marine corps, to shoot to kill if necessary to prevent looting of the mails. General Lejeune said practically all trains in the country carrying valuable mails are under guard.

Announcement that he had arranged for the services of the marines with the secretary of the navy was made by Postmaster General Hays after the matter had been discussed at the cabinet meeting, and President Harding was said to have expressed approval of Mr. Hays' plan. The marines later, it was said, are to be replaced by a special force recruited for the postal service.

Mr. Hays also announced that investigation of the recent New York robbery had resulted in suspension from the service of three high post office officials there on the ground that the robbery "should have been and could have been prevented." The investigation will be continued, he added, to determine "definitely whether or not there are others guilty of definite dereliction of duty."

JAILED MINERS' PRESIDENT DEFIES INTERNATIONAL HEAD

Alexander Howat, deposed and imprisoned president of the Kansas mine workers, from the Cherokee county jail at Columbus, Kansas, has issued an appeal to the miners of the country to stand against John L. Lewis, the international president, and for Howat and his followers.

The Howat board is proceeding with arrangements for holding an election of district officers December 20, paying no attention to the order of Lewis as international president, that such election be not held, it was announced at the board's headquarters.

"The district has not left the international, but the international deserted the district," Fleming said.

LEAGUE TO ASK CHANGES IN TRANSPORTATION LAW

Radical changes in the transportation law submitted in a report to the National Industrial Traffic league which closed its annual convention in Chicago, will be laid before shippers of the country for final action at a meeting of the league to be held not later than February of next year, it was announced.

Changes advocated include reorganization of the railroad labor board to include five public members, allowing shippers to intervene and testify in wage cases before the labor board, submission of all decisions of the labor board to the interstate commerce commission before promulgation and allowing consolidation of railroads where it is deemed to the interest of the public.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine

BAYER

Beware! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago, and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Senate Dignity Meant Nothing to This Visitor

The sacred senate chamber, stamping ground of staid, dignified solons, was invaded recently by one to whom tradition made no difference whatever.

The intruder was a little 4-year-old child, who strayed from his mother while she was absorbed in the inspection of the Capitol with a party of tourists.

The little boy, evincing no interest in the guide's oratorical explanations, began a little inspection of his own and calmly toddled into the senate chamber in the midst of peace treaty discussion.

He stood unconcernedly in the center aisle for a moment, gazed around him wonderfully, and spying the door of the Republican cloak room open, he made a beeline for it. He was soon surrounded by a group of senators from whom the cloak of dignity had completely disappeared, each trying his own method of baby lingo to ascertain the intruder's name. The impromptu reception was cut short by a messenger, who led the unannounced little visitor back to his mother, who had frantically searched for him while he was on his exploration tour.

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Baby's tender skin requires mild, soothing properties such as are found in the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum. The Soap is so sweet, pure and cleansing and the Ointment so soothing and healing, especially when baby's skin is irritated, Cuticura Talcum is also ideal for baby.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 31G, Malden 48, Mass. Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Spectacles on ten days trial FREE

Don't Send Me One Penny

I Am Going To Mail You a Pair of the Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye, "Sight-Improving" Spectacles Absolutely Free of Charge

I want you to take a good look at the spectacles in the above heading. Notice their size and shape. Compare them with the glasses you or your friends may be wearing right now.

Notice the extra-large round eyes in these latest-style "sight-improving" spectacles. The glasses are as large and as round as a silver dollar, as you can see in the above picture; and completely cover every part of the human eye so you don't have to look over the tops of them or squint your eyes under them like you have to do when wearing the old-style small-eye spectacles for sale at stores.

These Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye "Sight-Improving" Spectacles Have Taken the Country by Storm

Thousands of spectacle-wearers from Maine to California have quit using the old-style small-eye egg-shaped glasses and are now wearing the latest-style extra-large round-eye "sight-improving" spectacles—which have practically taken the country by storm—and I am going to send you a pair of these up-to-date glasses complete in a very neat and handsome 10 karat gold-filled spectacle frame, to try fully ten days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

You Can Wear These Latest-Style, Extra-Large, Round-Eye "Sight-Improving" Spectacles for Far or Near, for Reading or Looking Away Off in the Distance

As soon as you get them, I want you to put them on your eyes no matter how weak they may be from age; sit down at your fireside these cold wintry nights and you will be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the finest print in your newspaper or magazine; you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye-pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

You Can Use Them When Out Hunting, Driving or To the Movies If You So Desire

If you like to go out hunting occasionally, put on these latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles, go out into the woods some bright sunny morning and you will be delighted to find how greatly they help you in sighting your gun and taking aim at your game.

Or if you are fond of going to the movies once in a while, you can take a seat away in the back end of the theatre—to avoid the glimmer of the lights—and you will be pleased to notice that even the smallest words and pictures on the screen look just as clear and as plain to you as though you were sitting right in the front row, with the aid of these latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles.

Seeing Is Believing

Now I realize that it may be hard for you—or any other spectacle-wearer whose sight has become greatly weakened from age—to believe that these latest-style "sight-improving" spectacles will again bring back to you the absolutely perfect sight of your younger days.

But you know the old saying "Seeing is believing" and I positively will not accept one single solitary penny from you until you have seen these latest-style spectacles and have found them more sight-improving to your own eyes than any spectacles you have ever bought anywhere at any price before. That is the reason why I am only asking you to fill out and mail me the coupon below, and I will immediately send you a handsome 10 karat gold-filled pair of the latest-style, "sight-improving" spectacles by mail, all charges prepaid to try fully 10 days on your own eyes in your own home without a cent in advance or even a reference.

Cut Out this Coupon on this Line

AMERICAN SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 16, 55th & Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—I have read your liberal offer and want you to send me by mail all charges prepaid a handsome 10-karat gold filled pair of your latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, "sight-improving" spectacles complete with an up-to-date leatherette spring-back pocket-book spectacle-case which you are offering on ten days absolute free trial.

I am going to try them out for reading or looking away off in the distance, for far or near, indoors or outdoors and, in every way you have mentioned above, and if I find them all you claim them to be after ten days trial, I will pay you your advertising price of $2.85 and no more. I want you, however, to distinctly understand that if I do not find them to be right up-to-date in every respect or if they do not restore the absolutely perfect vision of my younger days, I will return them to you without a cent of pay as I don't intend to keep them unless they are much better than any spectacles I have ever used before and even then I positively will not pay for them unless I consider them a bargain at the advertising price of $2.85 which you are asking for them and you will have to take my word as final in this matter. Be Sure and Answer the Following Questions:

How old are you? Ans..... How many years have you used glasses (if any) Ans.....

Name.....

County.....Post Office.....

R. R.....Box.....State.....

Street and No. (if any).....

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